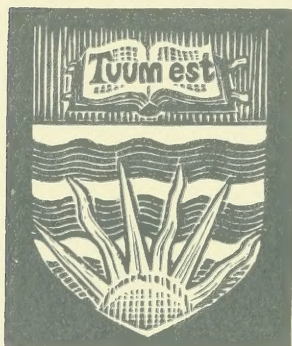


Munshi Abdullah

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THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MUNSHI ABDULLAH.

Translated from the Malay
by the
Rev. W. G. SHELLABEAR, D.D.



Singapore:
Printed at the Methodist Publishing House,
1918.



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Introduction.

In the year 1246 of the Mohammedan era, on the 25th day of the month Shaaban, being the 22nd of October, 1840, a friend of mine, an Englishman whom I loved, begged me to tell him about my ancestry and the story of my life, and asked me to write a book in the Malay language. As I sat thinking about the request of my friend, I felt troubled about all this, and oppressed in spirit, for all the circumstances which he referred to were things of the past.

Moreover what made me sad in my own heart was that I am an ignorant man, with very little command of language, and not skilled in the art of composition. And then again I am occupied more or less with the work of my profession. So because of all these things I felt worried.

Another thing which made me doubtful about myself was that, from what I see and hear, with few exceptions, most people now profess to be clever, and talk excessively, so that others may think they are wise, but it is mere empty talk, and when anyone asks them to do some work, either to write something, or to explain the meaning of a sentence, they are found to be empty, because all their talk and their cleverness is not the result of their being educated, but is only what they have heard along the journey of life, and so they are unable to make either head or tail of anything. And most stupid people, who have no touch-stone in their hands to enable them to tell the false from the true, when they hear people saying one thing and another, act like a drowsy man who has a pillow put under his head, he simply goes fast asleep—that is to say he accepts what they say without testing whether it is so or not. For instance, if such a one saw a bamboo growing, he might think, “This is a fine straight pole without a bend in

it, the heart-wood will certainly be hard." But if he were a wide-awake man he would surely first split it open and look inside, and would find it empty. As the proverb says, "It is the jeweller who knows the jewel." Especially at the present time, since the founding of Singapore, grasshoppers have become eagles, and bedbugs are tortoises, and earthworms are dragons. Now all these wonders have come to pass through the influence of money. For though a man be of humble rank and ignorant as well, yet as long as he has money he will be clever and held in high esteem; but if he should be really clever and eminent, but have no money, he would be looked down upon.

Now I apply all these examples and illustrations to my own case; in the first place, I am in a humble position; secondly, I am a poor man; thirdly, my knowledge and education are deficient; and fourthly, I am not competent to write a book. Apart from God I have no ability or aptitude for the task, and I feel at all times my weakness and insufficiency.

After I had been thinking thus, suddenly I was aroused, as if I had been startled out of my sleep by someone saying to me, "If you are humble, ask of Him who is glorious; if you are poor, ask of Him who is rich; and if you lack knowledge, ask of God, who has promised that whoever asks shall receive." Now if such is the bounty of God, by the grace of the Most High I will ask help with all my heart from Him who has spread out so great a firmament without a prop, in order that the desire of my friend may be fulfilled. And though I am not adequate to the task, I shall trust that He will be with me while writing this little book.

The Autobiography of Munshi Abdullah.

CHAPTER 1.

ABDULLAH'S FOREFATHERS.

Now listen, my friend ! I am about to write a story of my life, and I will call it "The Autobiography of Abdullah" (Hikayat Abdullah). Therein I shall narrate from the days of my ancestors up to the time when my mother bore me in the town of Malacca (may God preserve her from all harm and danger), and further all that I have seen and heard during my life, both in Malacca and in Singapore, even up to the date when the book is finished, will be dealt with in this my story. In all of this I am quite sure that there will be many mistakes, both actual errors and things which I have forgotten, mistakes in language and in the narratives, grammatical blunders and awkward phrases. Now in regard to all these I bow my head in the presence of all those both high and low who condescend to read my story, and who find such mistakes. With a sincere heart and a glad countenance I beg pardon for all my ignorance ; for in the introduction to this book I have confessed that I am far from having any reputation for being clever, and I am certainly at all times full of stupidity and errors.

My paternal great-grandfather was an Arab, from the land of Yemen, of the tribe of Othman, and his name was Sheikh Abdul Kadir ; and he was employed as a teacher of religion and languages. He came from Yemen to the East, and stayed in India, at the city of Nagur, and taught people there for some time ; and meanwhile, he was married. As the result of this marriage he had four sons : Mohammed Ibrahim, Mohammed Desa, Nur Mohammed, and Zainu l'Abidin. After the birth of these sons, he died there.

After his death, his sons came East again to these part of the world. Mohammed Ibrahim came to Malacca, and married my paternal grandmother, Pri Achi by name, who was the daughter of Sheikh Mira Lëbai. My father was born to them, and they gave him the name of Sheikh Abdul Kadir, after his grandfather.

The other three sons all went in the direction of Java: Mohammed Desa went to Amboina, and married and had children there; Nur Mohammed went to Sadayu, where he had children and grandchildren; and Zainu 'l-Abidin went to Semarang, and remained there with his family until his death.

Now my father grew up in Malacca. When he had completed the reading of the Koran, he was taught languages and arithmetic; having finished his education in these things, he took merchandise with him and went to trade in the interior of Malacca Territory. He was there for some time, engaged part of the time in business, and part of the time in teaching the people up country the ordinances of the Mohammedan religion, the reading of the Koran, prayers, and so forth. While so employed, all the people there loved him, and persuaded him to get married; and they made him the preacher at the mosque in a village called Lobok Kěpong. He stayed there a little while, and then they moved to Sungei Bharu; and he remained there as preacher. After that he had a son, whom he named Mohammed Ali, and a daughter called Sharifah.

Now my father was well acquainted with the Hindu language, that is the Tamil, and could read and write and keep accounts in that language; but he was still better versed in the Malay language, as regards hand-writing, and composition, and writing letters to Malay princes; it was in all these ways that he earned his living at that time. Moreover he taught an English gentleman, named Mr. Marsden, the Malay language, and this gentleman gave him a letter to show that he had been his teacher. I found this letter in my father's writing case, and showed it to the Rev. Mr. Thomsen, for at that time I could not speak a word of English, much less could I read it. When Mr. Thomsen saw the letter, he said, "This letter is called in English a 'character,' and it was given to your father by Mr. Marsden, who wrote the Malay-English dictionary. Your father taught him for a year and eight months in the town of Malacca."

After my father had lived for some time at Sungei Bharu, all his brothers and sisters in Malacca were very anxious to get him married in Malacca. Meanwhile my father became very ill at Sungei Bharu, and his brothers and sisters went from Malacca to

fetch him, and brought him there. So he divorced his wife at Sungei Bharu, and returned to Malacca. Some time later he was married to my mother at Malacca, which was in the year 1200 A.H. Now as to my mother's family—her grandfather was a Hindu and lived in Kēdah; and they came to Malacca and became Moslems, and my mother was born in Malacca, and was named Salamah.

At that time my father was in the employ of the Dutch harbour-master, for that was the time when the Dutch were in Malacca. My father was then just like a rat that has got into a rice barn, living at his ease, and taking no account of his expenditure; with calls from right and left. The dollars ran like water when you wash your hands, so that one forgets that in this world things are liable to change.

Now my mother bore my eldest brother, but he died when he was four months old. Four sons older than myself died in the same way.

Then the English came and took Malacca away from the Dutch. The English Resident who came was Major Cook, and his Engineer officer was called Mr. Farquhar. But it was not long before Major Cook went away, and Mr. Farquhar succeeded him as Resident of Malacca. At that time my father was trading, sailing between Malacca and Siak with merchandise, for at that time Siak was a populous place and wealthy, and every year many hundred-weights of gold came from there to Malacca. Moreover Malacca was a great sea-port and had a fine trade, and merchandise was collected there from all directions, the town of Penang not having been founded at that time, so that the harbour of Malacca was full of traders of every race, and they came right up into the river. That was the time when most people became rich in Malacca.

Then after a short time my father began to work for Mr. Adrian Koek, who was the assistant Resident in Malacca. A few days later he appointed my father as Captain of a very large vessel, the name of which was "Layar Seret," which was sailing between Malacca and Kēdah, for Mr. Koek was friendly with the princes in Kēdah. It was at that time that my father brought an elephant from Kēdah to Malacca, as a present from Tēngku Aaud, the king of Kēdah, to Mr. Koek; and it was then that the people of Malacca

saw a live elephant for the first time. It was also my father's business to go as an envoy to various Malay kingdoms, such as Lingga, Riau, Pahang, Těrangganu, Kělantān, Pělembang, and as far as Java and other places, being sent by the Resident of Malacca and the assistant Resident. In that way my father became acquainted with all the princes in the countries which I have named.

A little later there came an order from Batavia, from the secretary of the Government, ordering my father to go to Riau, Lingga, Pahang, Těrangganu, and Kělantān, to search for books in the Malay language, and to be an envoy to the Malay princes, and to take letters from Timmerman Thyssen, the Resident of Malacca; and the assistant Resident gave him five hundred dollars to take with him in a cruiser sailing under the Dutch flag. My father went to all the countries which I have mentioned. In some places the books could be bought, in others they were given to him gratuitously by the princes, and in some cases my father paid for having the books copied; thus he obtained about sixty or seventy volumes with various names and on various subjects.

When he ceased the work of going as an envoy, there came further orders from Batavia to send my father to Riau as a *tolk*, that is to say an interpreter and Malay writer. My father went to Riau, and was there until the time when Holland was at war with the Bugis and the Malays, and he was there for three years until the war was over, and then returned to Malacca.

About that time a great event occurred, for by the decree of God which He brings to pass upon His servants, in the year 1231 of the Mohammedan era, my mother returned to the mercy of God. After that, by the will of the Most High, also in the year 1231 of the Mohammedan era, my father died too, leaving this mortal world and returning to the land which is eternal. At that time I was at Singapore teaching the English merchants.

Now the place where I was born was the town of Malacca, which may God preserve from all calamities and oppression: and at that time the English were ruling in Malacca. Now the English fought twice in Malacca. The first time is said to have been about ninety or a hundred years ago, that is at the time when the Dutch were ruling there. Suddenly one morning there appeared two

ships and a cutter sailing off Malacca: when they reached the anchorage they sailed right on, nearly up to the shore, and when they came near the Dutch ships which were anchored there, they fired at them several times with cannon balls: then they turned their ships around, pointing out to sea, and sailed away: in a short time they had disappeared. All the Dutch in Malacca and the native people also were in a state of excitement: and then they found out for the first time that those were English ships. There was then still further excitement, and watching in every direction, for fear that they might return. Then after that the same English ships came again, and took the town of Malacca, without any fighting or trouble, on account of the treachery of Adrian Kock, who allowed the English to land by way of his garden at Bandar Hilir, for he had conspired with the English.

CHAPTER 2.

THE BIRTH OF ABDULLAH.

In the year 1211, on the seventh day of the month Safar, during daylight on the first day of the week, after a period of eight months, the English took Malacca from the hands of the Dutch. The name of the English Resident was Major Cook, and the name of his Engineer Officer was Farquhar.

The village where I was born is called Kampong Pali, the latter being a Tamil word meaning "Mosque." My brothers, born of the same father and mother, were four in number, all of them older than myself, and I was the youngest child. Now these brothers all died in infancy, one died when he was six months old, one was a year old, one two years, and one three years; such being the case, my mother was like a crazy woman on account of the death of her children, and lived in a constant state of weeping and sorrow.

After she had been like that for some time, there came to Malacca an Arab, a Sayid named Habib Abdullah, of the tribe of Haddad. He was a man of God, and much revered in Malacca; and many men and women went to study the Mohammedan religion under his teaching. My mother was one who did not go, for she was always sitting weeping, thinking about her children who had died. Now my home was just opposite the house where this Arab gentleman lived, and every day he could hear my mother weeping; so he sent for my father, and inquired why my mother sat there weeping. My father told him about his children having all died; and he replied, "Very well; go and tell your wife not to cry, for, if God will, she shall be given a son; and when the child is born, call him by my name." My father went home and told my mother all that the Sayid had said; so my mother ceased from her weeping and her grief.

Some time after that, by the decree of the most High God, who ordains His will to pass on his servants, I was conceived by my mother. May God forgive all her sins, and may God grant her a blessed abode, because of all the pain and suffering which my mother endured while she bore me—the lack of food and the loss of sleep, and especially at the time when I was born, her life hanging by a thread, between life and death, her spirit going and coming being in a state of perturbation, and the drops of perspiration running from her like pearls from their setting; and many a time she fainted, and then returned to consciousness. When the time was accomplished, on the date mentioned above, I was born. Moreover she had great trouble in rearing me from my infancy: if for instance anything should touch my foot, it was the same to her as if it were her own eye, such is the love of a mother for her child. If I should live to be a hundred years old and should continue to show my loyalty to my mother, even that would not be enough recompense for the pain which she endured in carrying me. While I was a baby, if I should cry while she slept, she would awake hurriedly from her sleep, and with a happy face soothe me and comfort me in all sorts of ways, and would sing to me until she lost all thought of sleep. Night after night she would hold me in her lap, till she was nodding and dozing again, and then giving me her breast she fed me. Moreover my mother was so poor that she had no servant, and I had no brothers or sisters who could help her, but owing to her love for me she kept holding me, and would not entrust me to anyone else for fear anything should happen to me. If I think about my mother's love, it is a burden upon me as heavy as the earth and sky, for a parent's love cannot be repaid: but every day I pray for her that God will give her an abode in Heaven together with all those on whom the Lord has had pity for ever. Amen, Amen, Amen.

Moral. Listen, all you children who are wise and happy! since the kindness of parents to their children is so great, ought we to rebel against them and refuse to obey their authority, and thus break their hearts, and make them shed tears? In these days there are many children whom I have seen rebelling against their parents, and there are some who strike and abuse their parents.

May God keep me far away from such children of hell. I will not say more about this, for it is not my purpose to write about such things; and if I should write about the love of parents for their children, I could make a much more valuable book for all wise people than this book of mine.

Now then my mother had been safely delivered from all the dangers of child birth, I was then named by my parents Abdullah, after the name of my mother's teacher, who was called Habib Abdullah Haddad. For a period of four months from the time I was born, I was a healthy child, and could enjoy my bath; but after that I was not well, and every day suffered from some sickness or another. My parents spent a lot of money on medicine, which they bought from Tamils and Malays and Chinese. For two or three days I would be well, and then four or five days sick. My mother was always in trouble about me, and tired out. Wherever there was anyone who understood medicine, she would take me there. This being the case, everybody said, "If this child is always sick like this, perhaps his parents are not the right people to take care of him; he had better be sold to some one who has a number of children." For that was the way the old people used to do.

Moral. Now this is a stupid custom of our ancestors, who did not know God. Can a child's life be prolonged by its being sold? And if a child is brought up by its parents, will it live a shorter time, or die? Let us not believe any such thing. But this custom of selling a child is not like selling a slave; it is only nominal, for two or three cents; and the parents take the money, and buy cakes or some other food, which they eat, and after that they themselves continue to take care of the child, but it is called the child of so-and-so, and not their own child. And there are some people who believe that because the child's name is too big, that is the cause of its sickness or death. This is all a lie and a stupid custom, which does not come from God and the prophet. But as for parents, their love for their children is so great that they will be thankful if only the child lives, so they will let anything be done.

Now I was sold by my mother to six or seven people; and I was nursed by about fifteen or sixteen women, some for six or seven days, some for a month, and some for two months, because my

mother could not nurse me. Such trouble did my parents have to rear me, like starting a fire in the water. But because it was the will of God that I should live, I was in that condition until I was four or five years old; but through my mother's watchful care I became strong, until I was able to use baby talk and ask for things. My mother was delighted to see that I was able to talk a little, and her love for me continually increased, and she cared for me like carrying on one's hand a vessel full of oil; and on no account would she trust anyone else to give me my food or to bathe me or put me to sleep, it must all be done by her own hands. Such is the love of parents for their children. May God send down the rain of His mercy and pardon upon her tomb, and include her in the number of those who obtain mercy. Amen.

At that time in the town of Malacca my paternal grandmother was the chief teacher at Kampong Pali, and had about two hundred boys and girls as pupils reading the Koran. All sorts of people were learning from her; some were writing, some were learning the Malay language and how to write it, just as they wished. Almost everybody's children from all over Malacca came to learn from her. Now my mother was living with my grandmother in the same house, because at that time my father had gone to trade at Siak, for trade had increased in Siak or Pēkan Baharu, until many hundredweights of gold came from there every year to Malacca. I was with all that crowd of children, but I was not yet studying and could not pronounce a word except in baby language; and at that time my grandmother spoiled me, and always had me near her while she was teaching. And whatever she taught the children I would follow it all, for that was my amusement; from the time I got up in the morning until six o'clock in the afternoon I heard no other sound but the din of studying and reading, and for that reason I got so that I could repeat various things from memory without knowing my letters.

That went on until I was six years old, and then I was ill for some time with dysentery. So my mother had trouble again, and could not have regular sleep, because I called her to attend to me; and she went everywhere in search of all kinds of medicine, some to drink, some to rub on my stomach, and some for fomentations,

etc. This went on for a whole year, and many times my mother wept for me, thinking I was dead. May thousands of mercies descend upon her for all the troubles which she endured in bringing me up. With the help of God this sickness also was cured, and I became as well as I was before. For my amusement my grandmother gave me a reed pen, and a tablet and a little rice ink, saying, "You can play with this every day, but if you play in the dirt, or go and play in the sun, I will beat you." So I was afraid to go away anywhere, but sat daubing my tablet with the pen and ink; and when the tablet was covered with ink, she would tell one of the boys to wash it and dry it in the sun: when it was dry, I would daub it again: that was what my grandmother made me do every day, before I was able to study or knew the shape of the letters.

CHAPTER 3.

BEGINNING TO LEARN TO READ.

For a long time I was doing what I have mentioned above, so that my hand became accustomed to hold a pen, and I could follow the shape of the letters a little, but very roughly. One day when my grandmother saw that my daubs looked something like letters, she began to write copies for me on a little tablet, and told me to read: when I liked I would read, and if not I would go and play. Thus I reached the age of seven, and had not yet learned one section (of the Koran) because my grandmother spoiled me too much, and never beat me or was angry with me: so it happened that I paid no attention to my studies, but wasted my time in play every day.

Then my father returned from Siak; and when he arrived he asked his mother about me. He always called his mother Achi, a Tamil word, which in Malay means "elder sister." He called her that because my grandmother was only thirteen years old when my father was born, so they looked like brother and sister: that was why my father from his childhood always called his mother Achi, means elder sister. So my father asked, "What about Abdullah's studies? How many sections has he read, and what does he know?" My grandmother said, "Don't you trouble about that, because he is sick all the time: and if he were threatened or beaten, who can tell whether it would not make him sick?"

Some time later my father moved to another house, not far from Kampong Pali. Every morning I went to school to study, and at night my father taught me at home. Many blows and slaps did I get, and many tablets were broken by being dashed on my head by my teacher, and many a rattan was broken on my body, and many a time did my mother weep for me because I was beaten so much; and perhaps my fingers would even be swollen from the

blows they received for mistakes in writing. But you must know that such is the difficulty of acquiring knowledge and understanding and an education and good teaching. But at that time my heart was full of hatred and anger and spite against the man who taught me, and many times did I pray that he might soon die, in order that I might not have the trouble of learning, but could go and play wherever I liked; for at that time it was my delight to play kites, and on that account I was often beaten, and my father would hang kites around my neck and tell me to study. And when my teacher happened to be a little sick and could not teach me, that caused me great joy, in order that I might go and play. And if at study time my teacher or anyone else should send me anywhere, even to a dangerous place, I should have been glad to go in order to avoid studying; and if I did not feel quite well, I intentionally made myself out to be very ill, so that I need not study; in fact I would rather see a tiger face to face than see my teacher. That is how it always is, if a garden is growing well but has no fence around it, animals or something else will get in and destroy it.

Moral. Now knowledge and education are ladders to the attainment of riches, and riches lead to eminence. Everything that God has created in this world has some value which mankind can estimate: it is knowledge alone of which man cannot estimate the value. Moreover property and wealth and rank are treacherous, like a bad woman, they will transfer their affections to whomsoever they desire: but knowledge is not like that, but is faithful and true, with a bright countenance, and is the best friend of wise men: it will never part from them until the soul parts from the body. And again it is the most wonderful thing which God has created: maggots cannot eat it, and it is not ruined by rain or heat, thieves cannot take it away, and it gives us no trouble, nor does it burden us to carry it; moreover it takes up no space, and does not require food or drink, but whenever needed it is ready. Therefore the proverb says, "When you get money, buy gold: then sell your gold and buy diamonds: sell your diamonds and buy rubies: but sell your rubies and buy knowledge:" so glorious it is, and faithful and true to him who obtains it. It may be likened to a pillar of stone, however much weight is laid upon it it will bear; but if the weight

should be altogether too much, it will break and be crushed to pieces: it cannot be made to bend or curve like wooden posts and such like things:

When I think of all the blows and cuts and slaps and abuse, and the number of tablets broken on my head, and the surliness and crossness and the reproofs of all my teachers, every scar of the rattan on my body while I was studying seems to me now like a torch, and every slap is now to me like spectacles to my eyes. If I did not have that torch in my hand, and did not wear those glasses, many times I should certainly have sunk in the ditches and cess-pools to be found all over every road and path: just as the majority of people on the other hand who do not carry such a torch sink in here and there, falling and rising again, bedaubed with dirt and mud and soot, and with legs and arms fractured before my eyes. So I entreat that God will grant thousands of mercies and safety and blessings upon my teachers, who aroused me to the danger of such falls, and who put a touchstone in my hands so that I might not be deceived by false gold or counterfeit silver, and might not imagine that diamonds were mere gravel. But most people who have not that touchstone are deceived by such things, having not witness to indicate to them what is good or evil and what is false or true. Now for the first time I could taste the honey which gushed out of the bee's nest, which I had been diligently watching from my infancy, getting stung all over my body and with my face swollen up: but now I realize its sweetness, sweeter than all sweet things. But most people who do not dare to go near the bee's nest for fear of being stung, imagine it is very dangerous, but they do not know the benefits of the honey which is made by the bees.

Moral. Now this is my advice which I leave to all those children whose mental vision God has opened. Even if you should live for a thousand years, do not fear to spend all your time in seeking knowledge: for certainly all God's creatures in this world desire eminence and honor and riches, and there is no one who hates such things. If that be so, then knowledge is the ladder by which you may climb to them: and if you have knowledge, you will certainly not be neglected, and people will not despise you, but will

respect you : moreover it is knowledge which will be your helper in this world until you reach the world which is to come.

As I sat diligently studying, by God's help, and since it fell to my lot to do so, I succeeded in reading and writing my tasks without any assistance : for I was not like the other children who had their tablets written by the teacher. At that time no attention was paid to writing, but if one could read the Koran it was sufficient : and since they were not practised in writing from childhood, how could they write correctly if they did not try to do so until they were old ? Men are just like twigs—when they are still young we can bend them as we please, and they will give, because they are still soft : but when they are old, they are dry, and if we bend them only a little they will certainly break. My father and grandmother taught me diligently for some time, as did also my two uncles, one of whom was named Ismail Lēbai, and the other Mohammed Latif, both of whom were brothers of my father by the same mother : and I looked upon them just like tigers. The one of whom I was most afraid was my uncle Mohammed Latif, because he was the one who beat me a great deal during lessons, that is when I was reading and writing. Now when they began to teach me to write, they only scratched on the tablet without ink, and I traced over that with ink, in order that my hand might become accustomed : then afterwards I was able to join the letters properly, and my handwriting improved a little.

When my grandmother saw that I could read and write, she made me her proxy for all the children of the same age as myself, to hear them read, and to teach them, and write their tablets. And so every day I did not cease studying day and night, and whatever words people used, I could spell and write them. Now all the children who had me write their tablets had to pay me for it in the school : some gave me a *duit*, and others cakes or fruit, and other things : so at that time I got some profit and returns from what I had learned. Moreover none of them dared to disregard anything that I said in the school, because I was their teacher, to instruct them in reading and writing. But everything which was read and written was in the Arabic language, for from the days of our forefathers no one had ever heard of having a school for learning the Malay language.

Now there were ready for use in the school all sorts of instruments of punishment and torture, of various kinds, to punish for various offences. First of all there was the rattan, and then the Chinese press (*apit China*), which was made with four pieces of smooth rattan, each of them about a span long, threaded at one end and knotted, the other ends being threaded with a long string, as shown in the picture. The punishment was to squeeze the fingers, and it was used to punish boys who stole things or beat their fellow-students.

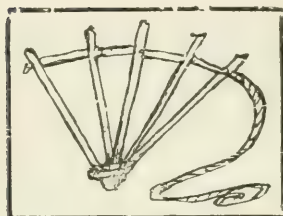
The next was called *Kayu Palat*, and was a round piece of wood, the length of which was about half the width of one's chest, and it had three holes, with a rope through the centre hole, and the two ends knotted in the holes on the right and left. This was used to punish boys who played truant, or climbed trees, or looked at other children: both feet were put in the two loops and the rope was pulled up and the soles of the feet were beaten, as shown in the picture.

Then there was an iron chain, about six feet long or more, which was nailed to a log, the other end having a padlock: this was a punishment for boys who are always running away, and always fighting, or who will not obey their parents, and learn slowly: the chain is padlocked around the waist, and the boy is told to carry the log around the school, and sometimes they are left with these chains on, and not allowed to go home, their food being sent there.

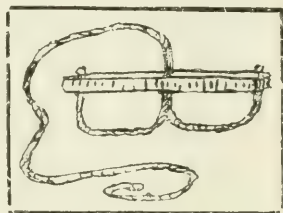
Then there is the punishment of "Squatting," which is for boys who are bad and contentious; they had to hold the right ear with the left hand, and the left ear with the right hand, and then squat down and stand up again without stopping, as in the picture.

There is another punishment for boys who are lazy at their studies and so forth; a great deal of smoke is produced from a dry cocoon husk, and then the boy is hung head downwards over the smoke: in some cases dry Chinese pepper is put on the fire, and then the smoke smarts terribly, so that one's eyes and nose water very much.

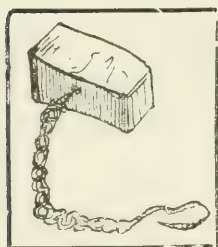
Then there is a punishment for boys who commit any offense in school, there is twisted rope tied around the child's waist and fastened to a post, and he is told to read his tablet till he knows it,



Apit China.



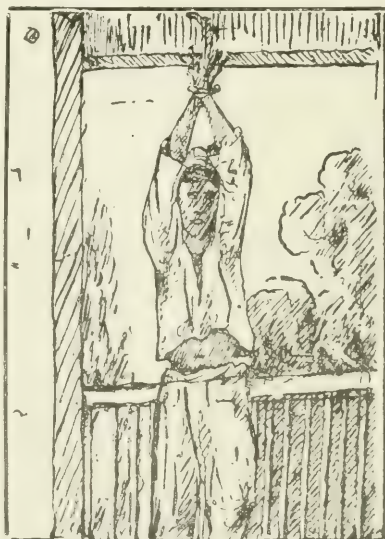
Kayu Palat.



Rantai Bési.



Sengkang.



Di-gantong tiada bërjèjak kaki

and is not set free until he does know it, and his parents send his food to him there.

And there is a punishment for boys who are very bad, and resist their teacher, and those who run away and steal; they are hung up by both hands so that their feet do not touch the ground. Another punishment for boys who are very bad and run away, is that they are laid down on their faces and beaten. And another punishment is that if boys tell a great many lies and use bad language, Chinese pepper is rubbed on their mouths.

All these punishments mentioned above can be used by the teachers in school; even if they are the children of princes or of rich people it does not matter, their teachers may beat them in school, even till they bleed, and they cannot be taken to task for it, for they are teaching them well.

The custom is when anyone allows his children to go to school, the mother or father of the child first goes to pay respect to the teacher, taking a vessel with materials for chewing sireh and a tray full of cakes, with the child that is to go to school; and the parent says, "Sir, I ask for only two things: first, that you will spare the child's eyes, and secondly, that you will not break his arms or legs; everything else may be just as you please." The child is then told to prostrate himself at the feet of the teacher, after which the teacher repeats the prayer of blessing, and the cakes are distributed amongst all the pupils, the teacher takes the money, and all the sandalwood flowers are distributed. I will not say anything more about the customs in schools, for intelligent people do not like long descriptions, but just sufficient to illustrate one's meaning.

For about eight or nine months I was studiously reading and writing, until I was pretty well up in my reading, and the methods of reading opened up to me more and more. In the middle of the day when we came out of school I made little kites of the midribs of cocoanut leaves, and sold them to the boys for a *duit*: that was how I got my money for buying cakes and fruit. From making these kites I learned how to draw pictures and designs, for it was at that time that I practised drawing: I took notice wherever I saw the Chinese making pictures and designs, and drew similar ones on the kites. There were other people also making kites and selling

them, but the boys did not care to buy them, because their designs were on red, green or black paper, and pasted on: whereas I made them all on white paper, but used inks of various colors. If a boy came to buy one, I would ask, "What design do you want?" and he would say, "I want an elephant:" another would say, "I want a bird," and another, "I want a fish:" so I drew whatever they wished, and that was why the boys liked to buy from me. That was how I got my cake money; besides which I was paid by the boys for writing their tablets. Thus I finished the reading of the Koran, but after a few days my father made me read it over and over again, until I had completed it about twenty times: in fact so often did I read it that I almost knew the Koran by heart. After that my father gave me orders, saying, "You must go every day after evening prayer and read the Koran in the mosque; for in the mosque there are hundreds of men going in and out, and whoever hears you read anything wrong will correct you." So I did what my father told me for some time.

After several months, my parents consulted with all their relatives to have me complete the reading of the Koran and be circumcised. When this was decided upon, my parents invited all their relatives in Malacca, male and female, and they all assembled in a great company. I was dressed in fine clothes, gold and silver: after that I was brought before the company, and told to read the Koran wherever the people wished, and my teacher was also present. At the same time some clever people asked me several questions concerning the reading of the Koran, and the sound, and so forth: when I had answered, the priest or preacher repeated the prayer of blessing, after which I was told to salute my teacher, and then my parents. That was when my parents gave a change of raiment to my teacher, placing on a tray a suit and a handkerchief and a pair of shoes, and an appropriate sum of money, which in some cases might be ten or twenty dollars. Now all these clothes were laid before the teacher, and he was saluted and asked to pass me in my studies: besides which there were many other customs which I will not mention in this story of mine. That evening henna was put on my fingers, as in a marriage ceremony, for my parents were very happy, because they only had one child living. Then the next

day hundreds of people were invited, and were given something to eat and drink, and in the evening I was taken in procession in a carriage, accompanied by hundreds of people with music all round the town, after which we returned home. The following day all these people were invited and feasted again: and when the prayer of blessing had been repeated, the man who performs circumcision was ready. After I had been circumcised, it was seven days before I could bathe, after which I was able to walk. A change of raiment was then given to the man who circumcised me, with three or four dollars in money, and he kept coming again and again until I was quite healed.

It was about a month before I was completely cured after the circumcision, and then my father handed me over to a teacher to learn the Tamil language and character, that is to say the Hindu language, for from the days of our forefathers it was the custom in Malacca for all the children of good families and of rich people to learn that language. The object of it was to know how to keep accounts, and to reckon, and speak the language, for at that time Malacca was full of Tamil merchants: and a great many of them became rich by trading in Malacca, for which reason the Tamils in Malacca became famous, and every one had their children learn the Tamil language.

At that time there were at Malacca four men called "Captains," and every nationality had its Captain. That had been the custom from the time of the Dutch: there was a Tamil Captain, and a Malay Captain, and a Chinese Captain, and a Portuguese Captain: and every one went to his own Captain with any complaints: and anything that could not be settled by the Captains had to go before the *Fiskaal* and then before the *Feitor*, and finally it would go to the *Justisa*. For this reason in the town of Malacca the people of one nationality were respectful to those of another, and they were afraid of one another. For instance, if a Malay boy did something wrong and was seen by a Chinese boy or one of any other race, he could reprove him and chastise him, and the parents of any boy would praise him for that. Petty cases could be settled by the headmen of the villages: for in every village there was a head-man appointed by the Captain. So if there was any disturbance, it was first reported to the head-man of the village.

For two years and a half I studied the Tamil language and their written character, and in that I endured no little trouble, and received many slaps and much abuse, and the end of my forefinger was worn out by writing in the sand. For they dared not change their old customs, but used the forefingers as a pen: if they used a stick or anything else it would certainly be very wrong; they thought it was better that the finger should be worn to the bone rather than change the customs of their forefathers the least little bit. God helped me to get some little knowledge of the language: and then my teacher was given a change of raiment and a present of money. But though I was learning the Tamil language, my father ordered me that I was on no account to absent myself from any of the five hours of prayer at the Mosque, and if he did not see me go there even once, I should certainly get the rattan. At that time I felt in my heart that it was better for me to meet a tiger than to meet my father: for years I did not dare to speak to my father, and whatever he wanted, or what he wished me to do, he told my mother, and my mother told me. But I was very much spoiled by my mother, and could sit and talk and play and anything like that; but at the time for meals I had to eat with my father, and if I was not there, he hunted for me until he found me, and until then he would not eat.

Under these circumstances, one day I was ordered by my father, saying, "Take a piece of paper and pen and ink, and go and sit every day in the Mosque, and write down the names of all who go in and out of the Mosque, and in the evening show it to me." When my mother told me this, I was amazed, and thought, "What is the use of writing people's names for nothing?" My mother answered, "I don't know your father's orders: do what he says, for it is for some good purpose, or he would not order it." I thought to myself, "This is a great nuisance, every day there is work and I have no peace;" and so I cried. My mother said, "You silly child, is it not better to be learning than to go about to no purpose?" So that was my work, every night to go and show him the names of the people; and when I did so, I got many a slap and much abuse, and any names which were not properly written, he hung around my neck so that I might be ashamed. This went on

for about a month, and after that the names were written correctly.

One day my father himself said to me, "Go and get pen and ink and a piece of paper, and bring them here." When I brought them he said, "Write what I say." When I heard that, my heart beat, for I had never done such a thing; but willy-nilly I sat down and wrote whatever words came out of his mouth. When I had written for about two hours, he asked for the paper, and looked at it with a surly face, "I will let you off to-day, but to-morrow if you continue to write mistakes like this, for each mistake you will get a cut with the rattan." He marked whatever was wrong, or letters misplaced, or words improperly joined, and the punctuation. When he had done, he said, "Every day at this time you will come here and write." Then my heart was very sad, because I could not go and play. The next day it was just the same, and the words which he had spoken yesterday he did not use again, but other words which I had never heard, and all of them unusual expressions, and strange names which he told me to write; this went on every day, he was angry and threatened me, and called me "dog" and "monkey," but I did not get the rattan. Every day I found it easier; and after I had done this about two months, I made no more mistakes. After that I learned the meanings of words, and how to use words, and how they had different meanings in different connections.

I will not lengthen the story of the things which I suffered while getting my education, which was hard to acquire, like pulling a bamboo the wrong way, my body getting thin and my cheeks sunken because I was worrying and troubled because I had not yet taken it in, and from shame that my father was angry with me. Therefore as I bought it dear, so I will sell it dear; if I picked it up on the road, merely by copying and hearing others, then people would not need to buy it from me, if they merely asked me for it I would give it to them for nothing. But, you gentlemen, who read this story of mine, know very well that everything which can be obtained cheaply is sure to have its defects; and everything which is dear will have its good points. Is not the diamond just a mere stone? Why do all men consider it most valuable? Is it not because of its lustre?

One day my father said, "Now do not go anywhere just for nothing: I have bought some paper, you can sit and write the Koran at home." Then he showed me how to tie the strings of the ruling board, after which I sat down and wrote. This also brought me many rewards and praises and perfumes; but the rewards were the rattan, and the praises were abuses and perfumes were scowls and grumbling every day. For about six or seven months I continued to do this work, and he showed me whatever was wrong; then I could write the Koran or religious books correctly. When he saw that I could write the Koran, my father said, "There is a book in the Malay and Arabic languages which is very fine; you must copy it." So I copied that too, and after some time it was finished. When other people saw the writing of that book, they all said it was good, but my father alone abused me incessantly, and said, "Look at your writing, it is like the scratching of a fowl, simply wasting the paper: a little child could write like that," He found fault with everything, and nothing was right. But now at last I understand my father's plan, that he did not want to praise what I did well, or my writing, because he was afraid of my getting puffed up and proud on account of my attainments and knowledge.

At that time all the English soldiers at Malacca were sepoys, either from Bengal or other parts of India; and three-fourths of them were Mohammedans, and one-fourth were Hindoos. All the Mohammedans read the Koran and prayed. They came to my grandmother's house to get my uncle to write the Koran, and I also helped him to write, and received a great deal of pay. I was very much pleased to earn that money, and became more and more diligent in writing, and did not stop day and night. When my father saw that, he was angry, and said, "Do not get into the habit of writing at night, for your eyes will soon be spoiled; and even in the day time do not work too hard, for you are only a lad and will get sick." So I was angry about that too, because my father prevented me from writing, for if I made slow progress with writing, the money came slowly; so just the same I wrote secretly behind my father's back, because I was anxious to earn money.

One difficulty that I had was that I could not speak the Hindu-

stani language, but if I wanted to speak with them I had to use signs like a dumb person. Moreover at that time anyone who knew that language had to be paid a lot of money, and therefore I was very anxious to learn it, and told one of their officers I should very much like to learn. He replied, "Come to my house in the Fort, I will give you your board, and will have you taught the language by my teacher, and you can be the teacher for all of us, and can write the Koran for us, and we will buy them." I told my mother what the Sepoy officer had said, and my mother told my father, who replied, "All right, let him learn the Hindustani language, so that afterwards it may be an accomplishment for him."

So I went and lived in the Fort, for my uncle was also there with me, and I went back and forth every two or three days, getting my board, and writing, and learning the language. They gave me money, and also ghee and rice, and I became intimate with the Sepoys, and got to know them all, for there were a great many of them, both men and women. For about three or four years I remained with them, and God helped me to get the language: every day I spoke with them in the Hindustani language. It was from that time that they began to call me "Munshi," which means teacher or instructor in languages, and from that time the name stuck to me until now.

After that had gone on for some time, my father ordered me to return home, saying, "Every day sit here and read those books, all of them are in the Malay language: and every three days I will examine you as to the meanings of the words, and how they ought to be used." Then that was my work every day, without being able to move or go anywhere and play. From that time I made a great deal of progress in my knowledge and religion, and also in the idioms of the language, and the meanings and force of words. Every three days my father came to the place where I was studying, and catechised me about anything that he liked, both in regard to religion and the idioms of the language: and I answered whatever I knew, and what I did not know he told me.

So it happened at times that the thought came all at once to me, "What is the good of my living? Every day I have no peace, simply sitting studying, and cannot go anywhere to play, and can-

not associate with my friends." With these thoughts I wept, and was sad and looked grumpy. My mother came into the room, and saw me like that, and said, "Why are you crying for nothing?" I answered "It is better to die than to live like this; I am different from other people's children." My mother answered, "Why? Don't you get your food and clothing? If not as the child of rich people, at least your father cares for you like the child of poor people; why are you crying for nothing?" I replied, "Mother, if you should give me gold to eat every day it would be no use if my heart is not happy." My mother said, "What are you troubled about," I answered, "Look at father! every day he tells me to study, if it is not one thing it is another, so I have no peace; and he does not let me associate with my friends: so I am working night and day, like a person living in the grave." When my mother heard my words, she put her arms around my neck and kissed my face, saying, "Child, why are you so foolish? You are still inexperienced, for you are only a child, and do not yet know the value of an education: afterwards you will know its value, and the love of parents for their children. Are you not my only child? If you did not know how to read and write like all children of good families, you would certainly afterwards be very sorry, and your parents would be responsible for not having taught you properly. At the present time it seems to you more bitter than gall, but afterwards you will know that it is sweeter than honey, and then you will praise the kindness of your parents. Moreover, if your father and I should leave you a great deal of property, if you did not have very good fortune, it would soon disappear: but knowledge and a good education are not like that, for until the soul leaves the body it will not leave you." The words of my mother were very, very true; now at last I experience the sweetness of education, for it is sweeter than honey.

While I was in the midst of speaking to my mother, my father came in, and the conversation ceased. Now it was my father's habit that whenever he looked at me it was never with a pleasant face, but he looked surly; and as for the way he treated me, whatever I did, whether writing or reading, he never approved of it, but found one fault or another; so I was always in the wrong,

though other people praised me; but when he heard them, he forbade it, and said, "They will spoil my child."

One day a sea captain came to the house to look for my father. He wanted him to make a promissory note, for he owed a Chinese merchant in Malacca three hundred dollars. My father was very busy that day at the house of Mr. Adrian Koek, and the captain sat in my home waiting for him till mid-day, and then went home for dinner: afterwards he returned, and waited until the afternoon. I then went out and asked the captain, "Captain where do you come from, and what do you want?" He replied, "I want your father." I answered, "To-day my father is very busy at Mr. Adrian Koek's house." He said, "Whatever shall I do; I arranged with your father that he should write a paper for me, because I have to sail now." I said to him, "Captain, if you like, I will try and write it; and I ran in for a minute to my writing room, and wrote it. I asked him, "What is your name, Captain?" His friend replied that his name was Captain Ahmed, for he himself would not mention his own name: similarly the name of the Chinaman to whom he owed the money. When it was finished, I brought it out and showed it to him: and when he had read it, he nodded his head, and said, "That is quite right, but let me sign it in your presence." So he added his signature, and took his leave. As he was going out, he put a dollar in my hand, and saluted me, saying, "Take this and buy some cakes." I received it with much pleasure at getting a dollar so quickly, and he said, "I have given you trouble." I replied, "Thank you, Captain."

Suddenly at that very moment my father came in. When he saw the captain, he said, "How do you do, Captain: when did you come here?" When I noticed my father, I ran into my room and kept quiet, and was very sorry that I had written the note. The captain answered, "I have been waiting for you a long time, ever since this morning, this is what your son Abdullah was written." When I heard him mention my name, my heart beat, for fear the note might be wrong, for I had never written such a document; moreover, I had had nothing to copy from, but had dared to write it according to my own ideas. When my father saw the note, he smiled, and said, "Naughty boy, he is just making himself out to

be clever. But this note will do, (Captain: take it to your creditor." The Captain went home, and my father went in with a smiling face, and my mother asked him, "What are you smiling about?" My father answered, "To-day if I had received a thousand dollars I should not be so pleased as I am that my son can now help me:" and he told my mother about it. Finally both of them laughed, and he said, "May God increase his good sense and judgment." Further my father said, "To-day for the first time I have got a son, just as if you had borne him this very day; but if he could neither read nor write, and remain ignorant, I should consider him just as if he were dead." I heard all that my father and mother said from my room, and then for the first time understood the love of my parents for me, and realized the value of an education and of the knowledge which they had imparted to me. From that time I was firmly convinced in my heart that all the instructions of my parents were right and proper and perfectly good.

After that my father came with a surly face into the room where I studied and said, "What have you done to-day. I was not at home, so you paid no attention to your studies and writing; owing to your laziness you know nothing about writing, and so you made a great many mistakes in the letter of Captain Ahmed of Siak; I had to correct it." I thought to myself, "I know all about that, and my father will never say that I know anything, or praise me, for fear I shall be puffed up."

From that time, if anyone came to my father, asking him to write a letter or a promissory note, or a power of attorney, or a will, or anything of that kind, he always told me to write it. At first he told me the circumstances are so and so, and such and such sums of money, and the agreement is for so long, and told me to compose it myself. Once or twice I made a few mistakes, but the third time it was all right. After that my father turned over to me all his instruments and his writing case.

At that time in the town of Malacca anyone who knew how to write and compose anything had to be well paid, for there were only four or five men who could be employed in that work: first, Khoja Mohammed, a Tamil born in Malacca, who was the government interpreter; secondly Jamal Mohammed bin Nur Mohammed

Surati; and my father, Abdul Kadir bin Mohammed Ibrahim; and Mahid bin Ahmed Lēbai. Among the Malays whom I knew were Yahya bin Abdul Wahid, and Ismael bin Mohammed Arif Surati. All of those whom I have mentioned were celebrated men, for they were very diligent in studying and gaining knowledge, so that they had become very clever. In every business transaction one of these men whom I have mentioned would be employed, and they were respected in any company of people. Moreover, they earned their living in this way, and had no other employment. As the town of Malacca was very populous at that time, these men had no leisure, but every day there was profitable employment for them of some kind or another, and their names were honored in other countries; they were employed by Europeans, and were honored in great assemblies.

Among the younger generation, however, at that time, there was no one who had any ambition to learn the work of writing and reading Malay letters, because it was the Malay language. I, a man of humble position and poor and ignorant, was the only one. If I had wanted to engage in business, my parents were poor and had no capital, therefore I strove earnestly until I received the legacy and inherited the pen and ink of the gentlemen whose names I have just mentioned. But in this respect, good gracious! let those who read this book not imagine that I am praising myself; for please consider that if such seed as that should be thrown away anywhere it would certainly grow at such a time as this. For everybody thought that the Malay language ought not to be studied, because it is our own language; and from the time of our forefathers no one ever established a school for the Malay language, but only for reading the Koran; and they thought that the Arabic language ought to be studied, because it is the one which is useful for religion, and also in the world to come, and that is the only language which is most honorable among Mohammedans.

It was from the men whom I have mentioned that I received instruction, and I asked them the mysteries of the Malay language, and received many examples, and rules, and models; and I also obtained from them a number of Malay words, and unusual names, and proverbs, and analogies, and illustrations, and combinations of

words which are charming and felicitous, and many other things of the same kind; all of this was due to my diligence in asking questions and reading ancient histories, and the works of our forefathers. In these treasures which I have mentioned I obtained very many combinations of sentences, and compound words, and abbreviations, and paraphrases, and strong expressions, and euphemisms, and derivations, and combinations, and the meanings of words, and sarcastic expressions, and *double entendres*, and cryptic expressions, and so forth. Moreover, I saw that there are many grammatical rules lying hidden in the Malay language. Whenever I came across a new word in religious works or stories or poetry, I immediately went to see one of those men, and with much respect and humility asked them the meaning of the word, and its use and derivation, and how to employ it. Sometimes I made them laugh, because on account of one word I would go such a distance as from my home to theirs, and they would say, "You will soon acquire this knowledge, because of your zeal and diligence."

Now there were also many words which I found in religious books and histories which they had never heard, and did not know their meaning, and they showed me where I could inquire, namely from Datok Sulaiman, a Malay of good birth, who lived in Kampong Hulu, and from him I learned the roots and origins of the Malay language. At the time when I used to go to him, Datok Sulaiman's age was about eighty or ninety years; he was a man of pure Malay origin, and was a man of education and good family. Then there was another man, named Datok Astur, who was the same age: neither of them was willing to abandon the original Malay costumes, even until the day of their death, for they wore the turban, and the coat called *takwa*, and the skirt without trousers. The men whom I have mentioned above used to learn from these two old men, and asked them questions about the language and curious names which they found in histories and religious books.

Now all of these men were my teachers, and explained to me all the mysteries of the Malay language, and it was they who told me that the Malay language has its own grammar and declensions and parsing; and also that there are many marks for punctuation and the beginnings of sentences, and vowel signs above and below:

and also there are some words which when pronounced emphatically have one meaning, but have another meaning when pronounced without emphasis; and also there are various ornaments of speech, each in its proper place, all of which are quite complete in the Malay language and sound nicely. But they said, "There is no expert, that is, no skilful person, who could arrange and determine the rules of the Malay language." It was there that I obtained all final decisions in regard to words.

For a long time I went there over and over again, to learn about the things which I have mentioned. I was about a year and nine months, and then my teacher returned to the mercy of God. As a result, my studies ceased, since at that time it was impossible to find in Malacca anyone who knew more than he did about the Malay language; and for that reason I felt disheartened about learning from any one else, but merely asked questions of the other men whom I have mentioned, for they knew and heard and saw more than I did; and if they were to tie knots with their feet, I could not undo them with my hands; moreover I knew that there is a great difference between a man who has a teacher and one who is a mere imitator.

A few days after the death of my teacher who had taught me the Malay language, I was sitting and just doing my writing in my grief without doing any study, when by the help of God there came an Arab from the district of Yemen, a Sheikh: this man was expert in reading the Koran, and his name was Muallim Muhai'd-din. When the people of Malacca heard him read the Koran, they were all amazed, as if they had heard the music of heaven, for he read according to the rules of rhythm, the long and short sounds just as if they were measured; so everyone was eager to go and learn from him. He replied, "I am going to sail to Java, so I cannot teach anyone here." Then a number of old men went and requested him that he would stay a year at Malacca, because a number of people wished to read with him. He replied, "If I can get any profit here, I will remain; for I have a family at Acheen, and for that reason I have come here to earn a living for them." They all consulted together, and made an agreement that whoever should read for a year should pay five dollars each, and they were all willing to

pay: and so I and forty or fifty others all read the Koran with him. Now our former method of reading was all reconstructed from the beginning, and he gave us rules for reading: so by the mercy of God and the blessing of my teacher, I continued for a year diligently reading the Koran, and succeeded in acquiring what he taught. Then for the first time the reading of Malacca people became famous, but before that time they were not renowned, for they did not know the rules, neither the long and short sounds, nor the stress, nor the pause, nor the quaver, and so forth. After that a great many presents were made to him, and he received more than the gifts mentioned above; he was quite pleased, and with many prayers for us he sailed back again to Acheen.

When I had finished learning to read the Koran, a few days later there came a learned man, an Arab, who was a *saiyid*, named *Saiyid Shaikh bin Alwi*, of the tribe *Bafakih*; he was a great scholar in the Malay language, but more particularly in Arabic. When he arrived in Malacca, everyone was amazed to hear all the problems which he explained, and the number of questions he asked which nobody could answer. But he was a poor man. When the people of Malacca saw that, they were all eager to learn, so in his case also the old men made a plan, providing that everyone who wished to learn would pay him five dollars a year each. I was the first man who put my signature to his written agreement, and I read with him: there were fifty or sixty others who read with me. The first book which we studied was an original work called *Ummu 'l-Barahin* explaining the essence of God and the attributes of God, and His riches, and the glory of God, and how we ought to act towards Him, and how we may know our unworthiness and weakness, and so on. After reading for a few days, we finished the book: and then we began to read a book on *Fakih*, that is *Mohammedan law*, and how to worship, and so forth: after that we learned all sorts of sciences, and useful narratives, and such as teach good ideas and intelligence: now all these books were in the Malay language. By the grace of God and through the help of my teacher I got to understand more or less of all the things which I have mentioned: and I continued to study all that for about a year or more. Commencing from that time the eyes of the people of

Malacca began to be opened; previous to that there was not one man in a hundred who knew all that, for they paid no attention to such things. And while that Arab was at Malacca, all the other scholars shut up their books, for they did not dare to ask questions or reply to him. When the agreement had expired, he sailed for Java; and he is still living at the present time in the town of Sumenap, greatly beloved, and he is teacher to the Sultan of Sumenap.

Moral. There is one remarkable thing, moreover I am amazed to see and consider the condition of our Malay people, that they are not aware of their own condition, and remain in ignorance, because they will not study their own language, and do not want to establish schools to teach it; this is beyond my comprehension, for how can those who do not study it become proficient themselves? Do not all other races in the world study their own languages, except only the Malays? Moreover they say, "What is the good of studying it, for that is our own language; and it is only useful in this world. It is better to study the Arabic language, which is useful in this world and the next." That no doubt is true; but I wonder how one can know the language of other people before one knows one's own language. And yet they converse in the Malay language, they buy and sell, and send letters, and write their replies in the Malay language too; never did I see either Malays or Babas or people of any other race using the Arabic language in their business, either in trade, or keeping accounts or in correspondence, but they all use their own languages, except in their worship and their prayers.

CHAPTER 4.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MALACCA FORT.

From this time I had no other occupation except reading and writing. After a little while, the news suddenly spread in Malacca that the English were going to destroy the Malacca Fort. But people of all the different races in Malacca did not believe it possible that the Fort could easily be destroyed; and one man said, "It will not be finished in the life time of this Resident." The reason why they thought this, was the strength of the Fort, and its construction, and the hardness of the stone of which it was built: for all these reasons it did not enter into their heads that it could be quickly destroyed. People had all sorts of ideas; some said, "This time all the poor in Malacca can get rich from the wages they will get for demolishing the Fort." Others said, "If they meddle with this Fort at all a great many people will die, because there are plenty of evil spirits and devils in the Fort." And some people said, "It is because the English are very shrewd, that is why they are going to destroy the Fort: for if the Fort should get into the hands of any other nation, they might fight for a long time and could not take it, for the Fort is so strong and cleverly built."

Now the following is the description of the Malacca Fort as I saw it by walking over it and going down into the earth: it was made of granite stones of a purple color, some of which were six feet long, and some three feet: and these stones were very smooth and flat, as if they had been planed. From what I heard, the stones all came from Batu Pahat, where they were hewn out by Chinese workmen, under the orders of the Portuguese, and that is why that place is called Batu Pahat up to the present time.

The Fort lies sloping inwards a little, and the wall has a round cornice all along it. The Fort is square, but it has eight bastions,

and the width of each bastion is either ten or twelve or thirteen fathoms (60-78 feet), and in them the cannon are arranged all around, and for the whole length of the Fort the thickness is two and a half fathoms (15'). In each bastion there is a casemate below the ground, fitted up complete with a well and stables; and from inside the wall of the Fort, there is a road by which one can walk around, and at the bastions there are gates by which one can go out. The height of the wall of the Fort is about ten fathoms (60') that can be seen above the ground, and it is said that the wall goes down into the earth as far as its height. At the time when they were going to pull it down, they dug down, and I saw it was seven or eight fathoms deep, but they had not yet reached the bottom.

The Fort had four gates: one of these was the big gate, at the side of the big bridge, and in the big gate there was also a little gate by which people went in and out after eight o'clock at night. About ten or fifteen fathoms (60'-90') to the right, there was another gate, where goods were taken in and out, and horses and carriages all went that way. At both of these two gates there were sepoy sentries on guard. Then on the side towards Bukit China there was a small gate, and on the side towards Bandar Hilir there was a gate, almost exactly like the big gate.

There were also three bridges; first the big bridge on the way towards the town of Malacca; secondly, a bridge called the small bridge, on the road to Bukit China; and thirdly, the bridge towards Bandar Hilir. The bridges which I have mentioned were all so constructed that they could be lifted up on both sides; and at night the bridges were lifted; also if there should be any disturbance, or war, or such like, they lifted up the bridges. And if large vessels wanted to enter the river, they had to pay duty, and similarly when they went out.

All around the Fort there was made a breastwork of earth, with a thickness of two fathoms (12'); and at the foot of the breastwork there were placed iron spikes sticking up, and on the other side of the spikes there was a ditch about five fathoms (30') wide, and the same depth; and the water could be let in or out, the sluice gate being at the small bridge towards Bukit China, and the

water was let out into the sea from the Hilir bridge. On the edge of the bridge all round there were planted *angsana* trees; and in the ditch there were many crocodiles, and *siakap* and *jumpul* fish, and lobsters.

On the top of the Fort, at intervals of about two fathoms (12'), the cannon were placed, and sentry boxes for the sepoy guards; it was like that all around the Fort. After six o'clock in the evening, no one was allowed to enter the Fort any more, but they could only go out; and when the clock struck eight, a gun was fired and the drawbridge was lifted up. If one went without carrying a light, one was arrested; and if any one did not answer when called out, they fired from the top of the Fort. The width of the road around the Fort was ten or twelve fathoms (60'-72') to the bank of the river; and on the bank of the river piles were driven everywhere, and *angsana* trees were planted about every six or seven fathoms (36'-42'), as far as the small bridge.

Inside of the Malacca Fort there was a hill, and this hill was of medium height, neither very high nor very low; and on the top of that hill there was the Dutch Church. This church was originally the church of the Portuguese, but when the Dutch took Malacca they made it their church, and just below the church was the place where the Dutch buried their dead. The Malacca Fort was originally built by the Portuguese. The reason why I know that, is because the statue of the man who built the fort is in front of the gate of the Fort; and I see that he looks like a Portuguese. That statue is of cement, and is in relief, and stands as high as a child; and the statue of which I speak still exists on the Bandar Hilir gate, but the gate towards Malacca was demolished by Mr. Farquhar. The name of the church on the hill was called in the Portuguese language San Paulo.

At the side of the church there is a government garden, in which beautiful things are planted; fruit trees, and flowers, and all kinds of vegetables. In that garden there is a well, I don't know how many hundred fathoms deep, it is so deep that you cannot see the water; but if you throw a stone down, it is not until after an interval that you hear the sound. Outside the garden there is another well, which is just as deep. On the side of the hill is the

Resident's house, a very beautiful building; to reach the Resident's house you can go under ground under the hill, and also there is a gate from there by which you can go through as far as the river.

At the back of the government garden is the place where Raja Haji was buried; he was a powerful Malay prince, originally of Bugis descent, and his wife was named Rata Mas; and it was this prince who came and attacked Malacca in the time of the Dutch. That was about sixty years ago or more. He very nearly took the town of Malacca: the district around Malacca and all the villages fell into his hands, and it was only just the town of Malacca itself that he did not take. At that time people of all nationalities in Malacca fought to help the Dutch, Malays, Tamils, Chinese, and Portuguese, all fought under their own Captains and leaders. They fought for some years, and the Raja Haji was killed by a bullet at a place called Tanjong Palas; afterwards the Dutch took his body, and buried it behind the garden which I have mentioned, and I have heard it said that the place was a pig sty. Then about twenty or thirty years afterwards, the descendants of Raja Haji came from Lingga and Riau to Malacca, and asked permission of the English Resident to remove his tomb to Riau; permission was given, and they took him away. The war of Raja Haji is a very long story, and if I should tell it, my work would be delayed, so we will just reserve that.

On the side of the hill is the place where the prison was, which the Malays call *Miskurdi*; this is the Portuguese word *Misericordia*, and means "pity;" and there was another called *Trongko*, which means the place of the stocks, and is also Portuguese. Inside that there was another place called *Trongko Glap*, the dark prison, in which those who had committed great crimes were incarcerated, and there day and night were just alike. Alongside of that there was a house in which were kept the instruments for killing and torturing people, and that place was called *Tratu*; they were laid face down on a bench, and all their joints hammered until they were broken, and afterwards they were hung at Pulau Jawa. There were also the instruments for branding, which were heated red hot, the iron being a little larger than a dollar, and they were branded between the shoulder blades, and the smoke came out in clouds,

with a smell of burning; and after that the chains were put on. Then there was the place for strangling; and there was the barrel in which people were rolled. Now the barrel had nails driven in all around, the points of the nails being inside, and whoever committed an unnatural crime was put in the barrel and rolled around the town until his flesh was torn to pieces; but I never saw this done, and have only heard the story from old people. The instrument, however, was really there, for I saw the barrel full of nails. In that place there were all sorts of instruments and punishments, all of which were the things used by the Dutch for torturing and punishing people. All these implements and the stocks, etc. have been thrown away and burned up, and the dark dungeon destroyed; for at the time of the war at Batavia, when Lord Minto came to Malacca, he abolished those wicked and cruel customs, and had everything thrown into the sea.

I will now go back to tell how the Resident, Mr. Farquhar, undertook to destroy the Fort of Malacca. He engaged coolies in Malacca, of all nationalities, and ordered them to demolish the Fort, beginning towards Bukit China. Hundreds of coolies tried to break one piece of stone, but could not do so in two or three days; for all the workmen were afraid, because they imagined and really believed that there were many ghosts and devils in the Fort, and because of those ideas many of them had all sorts of dreams, and some of them are said to have been slapped by the devils, and to have vomited blood and died, and had all sorts of illness; so the workmen were more and more afraid, and had to be paid more and more. Now all of that is quite false, but because they firmly believed it and were afraid, they brought this trouble on themselves. The mortar which adhered to the stones appeared and smelt as if it had been just put on. Then the Resident saw that it was very difficult to break the stones, he had them dig under the foundations of the Fort, and they dug down very deep but could not find them: if you measured down below the earth equal to the height of the wall, even then you would not come to the foundations. After that they stopped the work of searching for the foundations of the Fort. He then ordered them to demolish on the sea side, and a great many hoes and spades and crowbars and other imple-

ments were broken: and this work entailed a great deal of sickness, and many men were afraid to work because many were sick and died. So the wages had still to be increased, and those who had been paid half a rupee received a rupee, and even that they would not take: it was very difficult work to demolish the Fort. At that time most of the people of Malacca thought that the English would not succeed in destroying the Fort on account of its strength, and also because there were so many ghosts and devils.

After about three months had passed with all this sickness and trouble, and many people dying, and falling down and breaking their legs and arms, suddenly the news came that the Resident had ordered a hole to be dug in the bastion on the sea side, in order to put in boxes of gunpowder and fired them. Everyone was surprised, and said, "We don't know how it will be done." Hundreds of people went to see it, and I also intruded, and went to see. I saw they had actually sunk a shaft about six feet square, and very deep. When they had reached the proper depth, they dug out a niche at the side of the hole for about six feet; then they put in boxes of gunpowder, and inserted a fuse under ground, the length of the fuse being more than ten fathoms (60') : this was made with cloth, with gunpowder inside, and was as thick as one's big toe. Afterwards the hole was filled in, and rammed tight with stones and earth. The work of digging this one hole took ten or twenty men five or six days. After that a gong was beaten to warn people that the next day at eight o'clock in the morning no one could go across the river, and those who had houses near there were told to removed to houses further off. On the next day Mr. Farquhar came on horse back, holding a slow-match in his hand, and he told people to go up on the Fort and drive people away on the other side, and the people ran helter-skelter. Immediately after that he lit the fuse and then spurred his horse. After about ten minutes, the gunpowder exploded with a sound like thunder, and the stones of the Fort were thrown up as big as houses, and some as big as elephants, flying up into the sea: and some of the stones flew right across the river and struck the houses. Everyone was startled to hear the sound, and greatly amazed, for in all their lives they had never heard such a noise, and also to see the tremendous power of

the gunpowder, so that it could raise stones as big as a house. Then for the first time they all believed that the Fort could be destroyed by the English; and they shook their heads and said, "These white men are certainly very clever and skilful; but it is a great pity that such a beautiful fort as this should be destroyed in a moment; if they wanted to repair it, it is impossible to say how many years it will take to make it like that again." Now the Fort was the glory of the town of Malacca, and when the Fort was destroyed the town of Malacca lost its glory, like a woman whose husband is dead, her face has no longer its glory. But this happened by the decree of God, which is a sign that this world is not eternal: the things which exist are brought to naught, and the things which are not are created, and everything changes. Now when the Fort was demolished the stones were taken everywhere: some were used for building houses in Malacca, and some were taken to Batavia when the Dutch were here recently, and some were taken to Riau, and the English took some on board ship for ballast, and half of them were sunk in the river, and some remained piled up in heaps, and are still there, and are being taken away by people every day.

Six or seven days later they were going to blow up the bastion on the side towards the town (Kampong Kling), and the gong was beaten to tell everybody to go back far away from their houses. On the other side of the river was the house of Khatib Musa, more than twenty fathoms (120') beyond the river. Everybody had gone away except his servant, named Basir, and a man named Mebarak, and his son named Ibrahim. All of them were concealed on the staging in order to see the sight. Then they set fire to the fuse, and everybody ran away. In a moment the gunpowder exploded with a great noise, and the stones came flying in lumps as big as elephants, and struck the staging. The staging fell down, and the men who were concealed there were all overwhelmed by the stones and covered with sand. Immediately there was a loud cry, saying, "There was four or five persons killed, crushed by the stones of the Fort." Everybody ran, and I also ran to see, though at that time my mother had told me to go half a mile away. When I reached the place, I found in the middle of the house a man eating, named

Abdul Satar, a Pëlekat man, and a splinter of stone from the Fort had come and struck his forehead, and wounded him. I went inside and found the boy Basir: only his foot could be seen, and on his body I saw the stones from the Fort were piled up, some of them a fathom in length and some two or three cubits, some eight or nine stones lay on him. A number of people got him out, and it was found that he still had life in him, about as much as a fish. Tambi Ibrahim was found with three stones on his leg, each of them a fathom long, and covered with earth: the stones and earth were taken away, and it was found that one leg was broken into three pieces and was dangling down: he was carried away on a man's back to Kampong Pali. His friend Mebarak was also covered with earth and stones, and they got him out, but the bones of his leg were crushed and dangling down: so they took him to the house of the English Doctor. Basir died immediately, but Tambi Ibrahim and Mebarak were treated, and God has spared their lives until the present time, but both of them are lame. What could be done? For they had got into danger by their own carelessness, but everyone felt sorry for them. When the people of Malacca saw what had happened they were all afraid, and when next the Fort was to be blown up, they all left their houses and ran away, and all the children were driven far away.

In this way Mr. Farquhar easily demolished the Fort, and all the people who did not believe that the Fort of Malacca could be destroyed had their mouths closed, and could say nothing more. And all the ghosts and devils which were in the brains of those people flew away, and returned to the place whence they came, being afraid of the smoke of the gunpowder. Thus the beautiful Fort of Malacca was entirely destroyed, being all blown up by gunpowder: but if it had been demolished one stone at a time, the work would not have been finished yet.

CHAPTER 5.

THE STORY OF MR. FARQUHAR AND AN ELEPHANT
DRIVE.

The people of Malacca, of all the four races, were very fond of Mr. Farquhar, and all were glad to have him as Resident. At that time the town of Malacca was in peace, and a great many people from other countries came and went, coming from all directions to trade at Malacca, and even the poor got a good living, but especially the rich. At that time one had to pay very high wages to Malacca men for sailing to other countries or to work there, but many people from other countries came to Malacca to earn a living, and had their families there: for which reason many children were born in Malacca. The laws and customs were good; every nationality had their own Captain, and each Captain had headmen under him, who settled all complaints and disturbances, but if they could not settle anything, it was then taken to the law courts. Though the town was under British rule, the laws and customs were like those of Holland, and the customs in regard to trials, and the names of officials were all according to the Dutch language.

Some time after that, the Resident, Mr. Farquhar, received the title of Colonel, and after he was styled Colonel, a European sentry was on guard under his house, whereas formerly there was a Sepoy. One day Col. Farquhar was going out for a ride in his carriage in the afternoon; and after his meal he went down the stairs of his house. The European sentry under his house had evidently prepared by loading his musket with two balls, and as the Colonel came down, he fired at him. When the musket went off, one bullet went to the left and the other passed to the right; and he was startled. But since it was not yet his time to die, he was not killed. The distance from the man when he fired was only about eight fathoms (48'). All Malacca was excited, saying, "The

Resident has been shot, under such and such circumstances." The European soldier was arrested, and put in prison; and after a few days, he was sent to Bengal, and I never heard what was done to him.

I will now describe how the Resident, Mr. Farquhar, had some elephants caught. At that time a man came to Malacca from Tèrangganu, who was called The Elephant Magician; he was originally a Kèdah man, and knew about elephants and all sorts of magic. He came to Malacca to look for that kind of work. After he had been at Malacca a few days, the name of The Elephant Magician became well known as being skilled in magic, and every day he was wandering about in the forests. One day he came to the house of Encheek Sulong, who at that time was foreman to Mr. Farquhar, and if Mr. Farquhar had any work to do, he employed him as headman, for he had known him from the time when the Fort was demolished. The Elephant Magician spoke to Encheek Sulong saying, "There are a great many elephants in the forests of Malacca, and if the Resident will give me an order to catch elephants, I can capture as many as he wants." When he heard this, he went and told Mr. Farquhar that The Elephant Magician professed to be able to catch elephants, and the Resident said, "If he really professes to do so, I will allow him, and he can go and catch them." Encheek Sulong went back and told the Elephant Magician what the Resident had said, and he was delighted. So Encheek Sulong brought him to the Resident, and he agreed to do it, and said, "Sir, I will go into the jungle, and wherever I meet a herd of elephants, if I come and ask for men, you must give me some sixty or seventy men to help me. And if I get the elephants, how much will you promise to give me?" The Resident replied, "Very well, if you get the elephants, and bring them alive into Malacca, I will pay you a hundred dollars each." The Elephant Magician replied, "All right, sir; but all the expenses of the work you must pay; and now please give me a little money, for I want to go into the jungle." The Resident answered, "Encheek Sulong will pay you." Then the Magician returned; and when he was ready, he started out with two friends, so the three of them went into the jungle.

After he had been eleven days in the jungle, he came out and went to Enchek Sulong, saying, "I have met with a herd of Elephants, sixty in the herd; and now give me the men, for I want to make the inclosure." When this information reached the Resident, he ordered Enchek Sulong to send the Malays who lived in those places, and to pay them for their labor. Now the name of the place where he wanted to construct the inclosure was Sa-batu, which was two days' journey from Malacca towards the East. Then Enchek Sulong gave him sixty or seventy men to accompany him in relays, changing the men every two or three days.

The news soon spread in Malacca that the Resident had given orders to catch elephants, and that an inclosure was now being made at Sa-batu, and everybody itched to go and see how it was made, for Malacca people had never in their lives seen such a thing; not to mention what I felt like at that time, for if I had been like a bird which is provided with a pair of wings, I felt that at that moment I would fly away and see it.

Now I must describe the construction of the inclosure. All the men went out to cut poles in the jungle, as thick as a man's thigh, and 12 cubits long (18'). When the poles had been collected, they were planted in the ground close together, only two or three inches apart. The inclosure was square, each side being twenty fathoms (120'). Then they were pressed firmly together, and a staging was made on the fence of the inclosure, as a place where men could sit; but the construction was all very strong, and the poles were very big. When the inclosure had been completed, its appearance was like that of a fishing stake, the poles being planted right and left close together for a distance of a hundred fathoms right and left, spreading out more the further it went. All along this fence bananas and sugar canes were planted right up to and inside the inclosure. When all this was completed, the news caused still greater excitement in Malacca, and all the Europeans and the people of the four races went out to see it, on foot and in carriages and on horseback; and I also went with them. After travelling for two days, I reached Sa-batu, and saw that the inclosure for the elephants had been very cleverly made. Many people said, "This Elephant Magician understands charms and magic, and he is possessed by a spirit," all of which is untrue and very stupid.

That very afternoon the Elephant Magician with hundreds of men entered the jungle to go and drive the elephants. When they met with the herd of elephants they drove them from a distance, and for about six or seven days he was driving them, until they reached the fence where the bananas and sugar canes were planted, and when the elephants came to the food, they did not fail to go straight ahead. The men who were driving them came nearer and nearer, firing guns and yelling right and left. The elephants noticed the road getting narrower, but went right into the inclosure, paying no attention, because they were eating the bananas and sugar cane, and the drivers came nearer and nearer. At the gate of the inclosure there were men ready watching and holding the ropes of the gate, and when all the elephants had gone in, they let go the mechanism, and the gate was shut. I counted the elephants, large and small, male and female, and there were in all sixty-two, up on the inclosure, with spears and sticks all around, and whenever the elephants took hold of the inclosure to pull it down, they stabbed their trunks with the sticks, and then they let go: this was done all around the inclosure, stabbing there and beating here. Then I climbed up on the inclosure to see, but I was forbidden; they would not allow anyone else to climb up, for they said, "It would spoil the charm." So I went quietly to the Magician, and offered him a rupee, and when he felt it in his hand, he said, "Hey, let this man get up quickly." I smiled and said to myself, "Which has most power, the charms, or this rupee?" So they helped me up on to the inclosure, and put a stick in my hand, saying, "When the elephant catches hold, strike him quickly:" and I did so. The way the elephants acted in the inclosure was like a great fight, and the noise was like incessant thunder. They behaved in different ways,—some pawed the ground, and some threw sand in the air, and some hurled logs and earth in the air, roaring, and stabbing the inclosure with their tusks. But I noticed that they put all their young ones in the middle, and the big ones were all around. The floor of the whole inclosure became liquid mud, two or three cubits deep, because the elephants kept treading it down.

Men were sent in haste to Malacca to inform the Resident, and the next day he came with Dr. Chalmers and all the Europeans in

carriages. When they arrived, they all climbed up on the inclosure to see the elephants continually going round and round the inclosure, looking for a place to get out; and wherever they took hold they were beaten.

This went on for six or seven days, and they were given nothing to eat, but when they were very much inclined to break down the inclosure the Magician took a little of the stem of a banana, and I saw that he repeated something, and then threw it into the inclosure, and the elephants stopped to seize the food. For this reason I heard many people say, "This Magician is very clever; because he repeats charms, these elephants are afraid of him." This is untrue, and very stupid; it is not so at all, for the animals have been starved for several days, it is a shame, and when they get a little food they became quiet; a baby could realize that.

The elephants were in the inclosure for about ten days, and had become weak from having nothing to eat or drink. Then the men made nooses of thick rattan rope, and pushed them through into the inclosure, throwing a little banana stem into the noose; so an elephant would come and get into the noose, and then they would jerk it and catch his neck, and the rope would be fastened to a tree. Afterwards the Magician went in and put on the hobbles, tightening them right and left; in that way he brought them out of the inclosure one by one, and hobbled them; and he continued this until all the elephants had been brought out of the inclosure, without giving them anything to eat or drink, for fear they should get strong and break the inclosure and the hobbles. Even though they did things that way, I noticed that several times an elephant would hurl a log at the men on the inclosure, and roar; and if they had hit any one, it would have broken his head. And a great many times they tried to pull down the inclosure, twisting their trunks around the posts of the inclosure, and shaking it so that the whole inclosure swayed; and if they were not quickly beaten off with a stick, it would have all fallen down.

Most of the Malays and Chinese and others believed in the Magician, saying, "He is very clever in the elephant magic, and repeats a great many prayers, so that all the elephants in the jungle are afraid of him, and men too, much more." For this reason

people of all nationalities asked him for charms and spells and amulets. According to my way of thinking, this is all false, and the people who believe in it are stupid: for he does all these things simply by using his brains, and not by charms or spells or prayers.

After that I was sorry to hear that all the elephants kept gradually dying, until there were only six or seven left that could be brought to Malacca, and of those only one really lived. Mr. Farquhar and Dr. Chalmers paid the Magician as they had promised: and all the bones of the dead elephants were taken by the Resident and Dr. Chalmers, and sent to England.

At Mr. Farquhar's house there was kept a very big tiger. This tiger was originally caught in the jungle at Naning in the fork of a tree, when it was only as large as a cat, and it was brought to Malacca and presented to Mr. Farquhar. Afterwards it was kept at his house in the Fort, in a big cage made of *nibong* palm, and every day it was given buffalo meat: but the meat was not given raw, for fear it should smell the blood and become savage, so they boiled it first and then gave it to him. In that way it grew to be big and fat, and was as big as a calf. Every day both men and women came to see it, and when they came near the cage it would not keep quiet, but keep going round and round in the cage: and sometimes it would growl and roar, and people were startled to hear the sound of its voice. One day the tiger's cage was out of repair, and a Chinese carpenter was called to repair it. The carpenter came and peered in through the bars of the cage, when suddenly it gave the Chinaman's face just one slap, so that it took out one eye, wounded one side of his face. The Chinaman fell, fainting, as if he were dead, and people ran and told the Resident. When the Resident saw that, he was very angry, and ordered a Sepoy to shoot the tiger with a bullet, and the tiger was killed instantly. Then he had it skinned and stuffed with cotton, and it was sewn up, and appeared just like a live tiger.

I noticed that Mr. Farquhar kept all sorts of animals at his house: there was a panther, and a wildcat, and a wild dog, and a porcupine, and a cassowary, besides all kinds of monkeys, such as the Wah Wah, *Siamang* and *Brok*, and all kinds of birds, each in its own cage or pen, or with a chain: and some were free. And

there were two men to take care of all these animals; but the tiger had a different man to look after it, an old Malay man, and when he came near, the tiger was quiet, and did not do anything to him.

A few days later an accident happened to the Resident, from which, however, God delivered him. This was how it happened—it was Col. Farquhar's habit to go out for an airing, either riding or driving, every day after his mid-day meal, going round the hill, and as far as the villages near Malacca. One day he was riding in the afternoon, near the hour of evening prayer, and was cantering his horse as far as the hill called Bukit Serindit. There was a little under-growth there, and apparently a tiger was waiting by the side of the road in the under-growth. When the Resident's horse came near, it smelt the tiger, and snorted and would not go on, but the Resident urged it with his whip, and the horse sprang forward. When it came to the place where the tiger was, the tiger sprang out to seize the Resident, but as the horse was running very quickly, it only caught the Resident's hat, and ran away with it, and the Resident arrived in safety at Malacca without his hat. Then all the people of Malacca said, "Our Resident is certainly a lucky man: twice he has been killed and came to life again. He will certainly be a still greater man."

Now as to Mr. Farquhar's character, he was a quiet man, and very patient with people's faults; moreover rich and poor were just the same to him, he paid no more attention to one than the other. If even a poor and humble man wished to come and make a complaint, he would see him immediately, and hear his complaint, and give him advice and instruction, until the man calmed down, and went home happy. And if he went out, either in his carriage or on horseback, both rich and poor, and even the children who met him would salute him, and he would quickly acknowledge their salutes. Moreover, he was open-handed to all God's creatures.

All these things which I have mentioned bind the hearts of men to anyone, and are like the dew which falls during one-third of the night, so that all the flowers open up in the Garden of Love, and their odor spreads around this world, and all the wild bees in the jungle come out and assemble in that Garden to sip the honey of these fragrant flowers. Oh, men of wisdom, please receive this

illustration from the analogies which I scatter like pearls scattered from a necklace, with their brilliant luster, that is to say if good is spoken by a goodman, however long ago, and though he should die, his name would continue to live. And if a man of position, or one who is rich or noble, should pay respect to the poor and humble, will he lose his rank? Or will his honor be tarnished? As the proverb says, "If a snake should crawl along a vine, would it lose its venom?" And since an elephant, which is so big and has four feet, will sometimes stumble and occasionally fall on his knees, and even the birds which fly in the air sometimes fall to the earth, how much more we men, whose nature is weak and frail, and whose ancestors were mortal, surely we cannot be always without change, but must vary from time to time. For in this world position and honor must fluctuate at last, and are not permanent to anyone; but a good name or a bad one is what people will speak of in the end.

While Col. Farquhar was Resident at Malacca, there came within a short time two officers from England or Bengal, in command of the Bengal Sepoys in Malacca; and they lived at Trangkerah Gate, in a house where the Anglo-Chinese College was built. After this officer, who was called Mr. Bean, lived there, he ordered two Sepoys to guard his door: he was very mischievous and extraordinarily cruel by nature. If boys of any nationality passed by on that road, he had them caught and brought inside his fence and the door shut. Some boys he could not catch, because they ran away quickly, but he had two dogs chase them, and they would fall and get up again, and the boys were caught and put into his inclosure. When a number of boys had been caught, he picked out boys two by two and made them fight: and any who were unwilling to do so, he had them beaten with a rattan, so out of fear they would both fight. This was a great delight to him, and he would laugh and laugh, and jump around. The boys who fought would have their faces and noses bruised, and he would see any that were bleeding, and give them more money, and those who were not bleeding he gave a little less, and then let them out: after that he made others fight. This was his occupation every day, to see people's blood flow. Now all the bad boys, and those who ran away from school, all went there to fight, because they wanted the money; and

so that place became a regular ring for fighting. Nobody dared to prevent him, but all respectable people hated and feared him, and dared not allow their children to go along that road. After a few days of this, he did not want any more boys, but wanted grown men, and made them fight; and so he made work for any poor people to go there and fight, in order that they might get a living, and every day dozens of people were fighting there.

At that time there were not yet many English in the town of Malacca, and to see an Englishman was like seeing a tiger, because they were so mischievous and violent. If one or two English ships called in at Malacca, all the Malacca people would keep the doors of their houses shut, for all around the streets there would be a lot of drunken sailors, some of whom would break in the doors of people's houses, and some would chase the women on the streets, and others would fight amongst themselves, and cut one another's heads open, so that there was a great disturbance; and if people ran away they would chase them, and they would seize the goods which men were selling in the bazaar. Moreover a great many were killed through falling into the river, owing to their being drunk; and all this made people afraid. At that time I never met an Englishman who had a white face, for all of them had "mounted the green horse," that is to say, were drunk. So much so that when children cried, their mothers would say, "Be quiet, the drunken Englishman is coming," and the children would be scared, and keep quiet. Anywhere if people met an Englishman, they would keep far away. When there was an English ship in the roadstead, not a single woman could walk on the streets; not merely the respectable people, but even slaves were not to be seen, because they would do them violence. Because of all these things which I have mentioned, people became frightened, and they were still more terrified on account of what the officer did whom I have mentioned above.

I will now return to the story of the cruel officer who made men fight. After some months he stopped getting people to fight, and he looked for fighting-cocks, and engaged in cock-fighting with other people. So crowds of people engaged in cock-fighting there, and brought their fighting-cocks from up country and all along the coast; in one day dozens of cocks would be killed, and many

people made a lot of money. After a few days he stopped cock-fighting, and bought dozens of ducks, and let them go in the sea in front of his house, after which he set free two or three of his dogs, which were very fierce on the chain, and had them catch the ducks. That also was a great delight to him, and many people crowded to see it: he himself held a gun, and shot any duck which the dogs failed to catch, so that all the ducks were killed, some being torn by the dogs and others shot: and this gentleman jumped about with joy. A few days later, he bought wild pigeons in cages, and stood with his gun, and had his men let them out one at a time; then he shot, and some of them fell dead, but others flew away. After that he bought a number of monkeys, and set them free on the *angsana* trees in front of his house: then he fired, and they fell dead. Such was the behaviour of this officer every day, some cruel and mischievous and improper business or another, causing destruction to the lives of animals, and injury to the bodies of men. Besides which I don't know how much money was thrown away for nothing. As long as he lived in that house, no woman dared to walk on those streets, because they were afraid that he would do them some mischief.

In view of the fact that Mr. Farquhar was Resident of Malacca at that time, I was surprised that he paid no attention to all that this officer did. Because of all the things which I have mentioned, the English were despised by other races, for they thought that all Englishmen behaved like that: whereas there are good ones, as the Malay proverb says: "If one buffalo is covered with mud, all the buffaloes will be smeared with it." Such doings and such behaviour stick in peoples minds for a long time, for one tells another, and the story goes from one country to another until it is rooted in peoples' minds.

CHAPTER 6.

MR. RAFFLES COMES TO MALACCA.

A few days after that, the news reached Malacca that the English were going to Java to fight. About two or three months after we heard that news, suddenly Mr. Raffles came to Malacca with his wife, and with an English secretary, named Mr. Merlin, and also a Malay Secretary named Ibrahim, born of Tamil blood at Penang. Mr. Raffles remained at Malacca, living at the village of Bandar Hilir, on the plantation of the son of the Captain China, named Baba Cheng Lan. He brought with him many beautiful things of European manufacture, such as many kinds of boxes, and pistols, and expensive satin cloth, and muslins with gold embroidery, and many kinds of implements which people had never seen, and fine broadcloth of many kinds, and beautiful clocks, and paper for letters to the Malay princes, ornamented with gold and silver, and besides that many things for presents to the Malay princes.

One day his secretary, named Ibrahim, came to my house, and sat talking, saying that Mr. Raffles wanted a Malay writer who had good handwriting, and also that he wanted to buy Malay books and histories of olden times, and anyone who had such could bring them to his plantation at Bandar Hilir. I had an uncle, named Ismail Löbai, whose handwriting was very good, and also his younger brother named Mohammed Latif; these two men he engaged as writers. The next day he came again to ask for a specimen of my writing, and when I had written it, he took it to Mr. Raffles, and that very afternoon one of his policemen came to call me. So I went; and he said, "Write these letters into the book." A Malacca man named Tambi Ahmad bin Nina Merikan was working with me. We had to write all kinds of things, copying histories, writing letters, and writing about Malay idioms, and poetry, etc.; and each of us had his own work.

Mr. Raffles' appearance was as follows: I noticed he was of medium height, neither tall nor short, and neither fat nor thin; he had a broad forehead, a sign of high purpose; his head was round, prominent in front, a sign of intelligence; his hair was brown, a sign of courage; he had big ears, a sign of close attention; he had thick eyebrows, and his left eye had a slight squint; his nose was prominent, and his cheeks somewhat hollow; his lips were thin, a sign of eloquence; and he spoke gently; his mouth was wide, his neck long, and the colour of his skin was not quite white; he had a broad chest, a slender waist, and his feet were of medium size; and when he walked he stooped slightly.

As to his character; he seemed to me to be always in thought. He paid people a great deal of respect, and had a pleasant face; and he used polite forms of address, calling people "Sir," and "Mister." He treated people very kindly, and he was open-handed to the poor; but he knew very well how to put people to silence. Whenever he spoke he always smiled, and he had a great aptitude for inquiring into things of the past. And if he had heard about anything, he was not satisfied with a little, but must know the whole matter. And he always liked to live in a quiet place, and had no other employment but writing and reading books. When he was studying or in conversation, no matter who came to the house, he would not meet him until he had finished; and I saw that each thing that he did was done at the proper time, so he did not confuse one thing with another. And I noticed that at night, after he had had tea with his friends, there were ready on his big table pen and ink and paper, and two candles lit; and when he had walked up and down to his heart's content, he would lie down on the top of the table on his back, with his eyes closed like a man sleeping, and I think two or three times he did sleep; after being like that for a time, he would suddenly get up in haste and write; and after that he would lie down again.

He would act like that until eleven or twelve o'clock before he would go to bed; and this happened every day, except sometimes when his friends came. When he arose in the morning, he took the things which he had written the night before, and read them whilst walking up and down; out of ten sheets he would read perhaps three

or four, and give them to his secretary, telling him to copy them in a book, and the remainder he would tear up and throw away; this was the way he did every day.

Then there were four men whom he employed at different occupations: one he sent into the jungle to look for various herbs and flowers and fungus and mosses, and anything that showed diversity of form: and another man he sent to look for grubs and grasshoppers and various butterflies and beetles, and all kinds of insects, and cicadas and centipedes and scorpions, etc.; and he gave him pins, and told him to pin these creatures. Another man he sent to look for things on the reefs, such as various kinds of whelks and mussels and cockles and oysters, etc., which he brought in a basket, with various kinds of fish. Then another man went to look for wild animals and birds, jungle fowl, and all kinds of deer, etc. He had a large book made of thick paper, and he used to put in it all kinds of leaves and flowers, etc. And if there was anything which he could not put in it, he had a Chinaman, a Cantonese, who was very clever at drawing pictures of either fruits or flowers, which he painted like life, and he told him to paint all these things. Besides all this, he had a barrel which was full of either arrack or brandy, I dont know which, into which he put such creatures as snakes and centipedes and scorpions; he put them in alive, and after two days he took them out, and put them in bottles, where they looked as if they were alive. The people of Malacca were astonished to see all this. At this time many people in Malacca earned money hunting for various creatures in the air, on the earth, or in the sea, in the country or in the town, or in the forest, flying things and creeping things, and things which grow and spring from the ground; all the things which I have mentioned meant money. Then other people brought Malay books and histories, I dont remember how many hundreds of them; almost all the Malay writings of ages past the property of our forefathers were sold, and people brought them from various places, because they fetched a good price; they were all sold, because people did not realize that afterwards they would become ignorant, not having a single book to read in their own language. For those books were all manuscripts: if they had been printed books it would not have

mattered, but now there are no copies left to be reproduced. Of these books there were in all about three hundred and sixty, besides various poems, and verses, and occasional pieces, etc. Moreover there were others which he borrowed and had them copied, for he had four or five writers who were regularly employed in copying them.

Every day people brought various kinds of animals and insects which I had never seen in my life before. And there came, as a present from the King of Sambas, two monkeys called *mauras*, which the European call Orang-Utang, and there also came young tigers and bears and various animals from every country. Now the Orang-Utang which came from Sambas was very tame, and Mr. Raffles had it dressed in a coat and trousers and hat, it looked like a child, and was allowed to walk about freely; I noticed that it behaved very much like a man, the only difference being that it could not speak. When it wanted to ease itself, it would run to the place, and it would come to the place where I was writing quietly close to the table, without being mischievous like other monkeys. It would take up a pen gently and look at it, and when I said, "Put it down quickly," he would put it down immediately. The animal had a big stomach, and at times while it was sitting it would moan like a sick person, and when I asked, "What is the matter?" it would hold its stomach: it would seem just as if it understood our language, but that is impossible. Now there was a pair of them, male and female, and when they had been four or five months at Malacca, one night the female died; and I noticed that from that time the male acted like a person in grief: the food which was given to it remained uneaten, and after being like that for six or seven days, the male also died. It made me sympathetic to see that, for if even animals have such affection for their mates, how much more should we human beings follow the example of these creatures. There were many other animals and birds at Mr. Raffles' house, all in their own places and cages and pens.

He was naturally very fond of inquiring into the early history of countries and the customs of former times, and looking for and inquiring about strange things: moreover he was very diligent in studying the Malay language with great nicety, and he liked to

follow the idioms used by the Malays: and every now and then he would ask, "How do the Malays use this word?" And when we told him, he would say, "The English do not use it like that, but like this." Every day he had letters written to be sent to all the Malay countries, and what he said in them was merely to make them friendly with the English, and to win their affections. Every letter which he sent was accompanied with presents and kind words, and therefore all the princes loved him, and sent letters in reply with much respect and affection, and many thanks, and accompanied by presents; and a number of books and histories in the Malay language came from all these countries.

It was not Mr. Raffles' nature to care for money; if he wanted things or wished for work to be done, no matter what the price or cost, he would pay it, if only he could get what he wanted. For this reason he very quickly got whatever he desired, for there were always people waiting at his house, and they would be willing to look for anything or buy it or be sent for it in order to get some profit. I don't know how much money went out of his boxes every day to buy things and to pay wages. And I always heard him saying, "I hate the way these Dutchmen behave who live at Malacca, for they all despise the Malays, and cannot associate with them." That was just what Mr. Raffles liked, to be always familiar with the Malays: even the poor people could converse with him. Now all the officials in Malacca, both Europeans and Malays, came every day to see him. But though this was so, no one knew why he had come to Malacca, or what was his purpose, or what his duties were at that time. But from what I saw of what he did and said, and his appearance, and his courtesy, if I am not much mistaken, this is certainly a great and clever man, and with high ambitions.

One day Mr. Raffles was talking with his secretary about wishing to reply to a letter from the King of Sambas, when all of a sudden a Malay came bringing six durians, thinking that Mr. Raffles would want to buy them, so he brought them into the house and stood at the door. Mr. Raffles noticed the smell of durians, and immediately held his nose and ran upstairs. Everyone was astonished to see him run, not knowing that he could not bear the smell of durians. A moment later he called the Sepoy, who was

guarding the door, and said, "Who brought durians here?" He pointed to the Malay, and Mr. Raffles told him to get out quickly, and told the Sepoy, "Don't let anyone bring durians through this door." From that day no one dared to bring any more durians. Then for the first time I knew that Mr. Raffles did not eat durians, and not merely eating them, he could not even bear the smell. Shortly after that, he went down stairs, saying, "I've got a headache from the smell of those durians; they are very bad to eat." We all smiled to hear him say that, for he was different in that respect from other people: a thing which other people liked he hated. Therefore if any one brought durians, the Sepoy drove them away.

One afternoon when I was about to go home, Mr. Raffles called me, saying, "Let us go out for a while: I want to see a Malay school." I then got into the carriage with him, and we went to Terangkera. When we reached the house of Lēbai Abdul Razak, Mr. Raffles went in with me, and we saw three boys being punished: one was chained by the waist, the other end of the chain being nailed to a log which he had to carry: another was merely chained, and told to read; and another was tied to a post. Mr. Raffles said, "Why are these boys chained like this? This is a bad custom: please ask the teacher." I inquired of him, and he answered, "This boy, sir, ran away, and it is now eight days and we have just caught him: he was brought from a place called Kēndur, a day's journey from here: his parents paid the man a dollar: that is why I punish him like this. Then this boy ran away for two days, and climbed a tree in the jungle: so I am punishing him. And this boy forgets every single thing which he has read, and so I am making him read." Mr. Raffles said, "If so, it is quite right." Then he said, "Why do you not teach the Malay language?" The teacher answered, "The parents of these boys tell me to teach the Koran first, and when they have learned the Koran, then they can learn the Malay language: that is the custom with all of us. Moreover in this country it is not customary to have schools to teach the Malay language." Mr. Raffles said, "Very well, teacher, I only wanted to know, do not be vexed: goodbye, teacher." So we went out; and as we walked, he said to me, "Is it true that that is the

Malay custom?" I replied, "Yes sir." He smiled and said, "Very well, if I live long enough, I want to establish schools for learning the Malay language; I feel very sorry for that, because the Malay language has a beautiful sound, and is very useful." We then got into the carriage, and went home.

I noticed that it was Mr. Raffles' great delight to inquire into the affairs of various countries, and about their laws and their officials, and how they ruled; moreover he wanted to know what the Malays liked, and their customs, and the names of the mountains in Malacca, and names of places, and all the people's occupations, and what products were exported, and also what the Malacca people thought as to which rule was better, Dutch or English. About all the things which I have mentioned he made diligent inquiries.

Furthermore in regard to the conduct of his wife, I noticed that she was no ordinary woman. Every day she worked just like her husband, and did everything in an ordinary and modest way, and with a pleasant face; and she spoke respectfully to the poor just the same as to the rich; and she always liked to study the Malay language, inquiring diligently what the Malays said for this and that; and she wrote down whatever she saw. And I saw that when her husband was going to do anything or buy something, he spoke first to his wife about everything, and if she approved, it was done. And I noticed that she was very active in all her ways and in whatever she did, and would not sit quiet for a moment doing nothing, but every day was doing some work or other.

This way of doing is the great difference which I notice between the Malays and the Europeans. The Malay custom is that if a woman becomes the wife of a great man, she becomes increasingly proud and lazy, and her behaviour is the more haughty, and everything that she says is to magnify herself. Moreover she would think it humiliating to work either much or little, or to do anything which would make her tired, but she merely sits, or lies around sleeping, or is dressing up, and fixing her hair smoothly, or sitting giving orders to her slaves: all she knows about is the rice served on her knees, getting up in the morning at ten or eleven o'clock, eating and drinking, sitting down for awhile, then sleeping

again until the afternoon, sitting in front of the receptacle for the materials for chewing sireh (betel nut)—that is what is called a lucky woman, who has married a great man. But I noticed that both the hands and feet of Mr. Raffles' wife were active, like a cock-roach, doing one task after another, after housework, sewing, after sewing, writing; may I be blind if I ever saw her sleeping in the middle of the day, or lying down taking her ease; on the contrary, every day she was diligently at work, God knows. From what I have seen, I am very much mistaken if this is not an indication that a woman like her is very intelligent and clever, and capable of doing important work. From her behaviour and her diligence it seemed to me just as if it were she that was responsible for the work of her husband, and as if she were her husband's helper. God has joined them together, and they are suitable for one another, like a king and his counsellor, like a ring and its setting, and like sugar and milk. This ought to be an example for the people of all subsequent ages to follow. Now in regard to character and behaviour such as that, I have written the following stanzas:—

Puyu-puyu is its name;
 In the ponds its usual place.
 Kind and courteous and polite,
 Sweet and lovely are their ways.
 In the ponds its usual place;
 Crushed by Laksamana's foot.
 Sweet and lovely are their ways,
 Wise and generous to boot.

For I noticed that with the majority of husbands and wives, if the husband wants to go upstream, the wife wants to go down; and if the husband says white, the wife says black; and for this reason they are wrestling every day, fighting and kicking, like cat and dog. And some women, because they are pretty, tread their husbands under foot: may God keep me far from the behaviour of such a woman as that! Not merely is she unworthy to be a wife, I would not have her for a friend: such a one will bring disaster, and break the heart, and make many enemies, and at last she will bring calamity on her own soul. Here are the verses which I have written about it:

Lovely cloth will not avail,
If there's no embroidery.
A pretty face will not avail,
If wives lack in courtesy.
If there's no embroidery,
Clothes from Java in their home.
If wives lack in courtesy,
Keep away from such a one.

Mr. Raffles lived at Malacca about three or four months, and sent letters to every one of the Malay princes both East and West, and also presents. After that, in the course of one of two months, there came Těngku Pěnggeran the King of Siak, whose title was Těngku Pěnglima Běsar, and his name was Saiyid Zin. I did not find out about his coming to Malacca; whether he was invited by Mr. Raffles, or whether he came of his own accord to see him, I do not know. He came to Malacca, and brought with him two sons. When he arrived, Mr. Raffles received him with a great deal of honor and respect; and then he gave him a house to live in at Bandar Hilir with a garden, and he gave him men to look after the garden, and also money for his expenses. Every day he went out in his carriage, and never went on foot; day and night he used his carriage. Every two or three days he came to see Mr. Raffles, and talked with him, and afterwards returned to his home.

While this was happening, a great many English ships came on their way to watch the island of Java, and any vessels, either cutters or ships, flying the Dutch flag were captured by them and brought to Malacca. Then for the first time the people of Malacca felt sure that the English were certainly at war with the Dutch, and therefore were going to fight them. Also there were one or two English ships which had come to Malacca bringing war-like materials, namely hundreds of tents, and wagons and artillery equipment, and muskets, and gunpowder, etc.

One day Těngku Pěnglima Běsar came, and sat talking with Mr. Raffles. Mr. Raffles began to talk about the English intending to go and fight in the island of Java, and spoke of the difficulties. "For we cannot get a man to go to Java and take my letter to the Susunan at Bantaram, in order that I may get reliable intelligence

as to conditions there, and as to whether he intends to side with the Dutch or not. If I can get a trustworthy man who can keep a secret, to take my letter to Java, I shall be very much pleased." When Těngku Pěnglima Běsar heard what Mr. Raffles said, he stood up and unsheathed his kris, and said angrily, "What is the good of this kris? (he called his kris "Si-hijau") as long as I have "Si-hijau," wherever you go, Sir, I will be in front of you: and I must die first before you can be killed. Write your letter, sir, and I will take it to the Susunan of Bantaram." When Mr. Raffles heard what the Těngku Pěnglima Běsar undertook to do, his face lighted up, and he smiled and said, "Many thanks, Těngku; the English East India Company will repay your kindness to the full, and whatever assistance you require, the Company will provide." Mr. Raffles rose and shook hands with him, and he made a definite promise to take the letter.

Now at that time there was living at Malacca, at the village called Hujung Pasir, the son of a Javanese chief, whose name was Pěngeran: and he was also friendly with Mr. Raffles. Mr. Raffles sent for him, and he came immediately. Then they consulted together as to the way to send a letter to the Susunan at Bantaram. He replied, "Sir, I will undertake to lead the way to the Susunan, but at the present time the seas are full of English ships watching the island of Java, and no native vessel or ship or cutter is able to arrive or leave; moreover the Dutch are keeping a very strict watch, and are very suspicious. If they should find this letter, they would certainly hang the man who was taking it, without any further inquiry." Mr. Raffles answered, "Dont you trouble about that; I will give you a letter, and if you should meet with any English ship at sea, merely show this letter, and they will help you. And your duty would only be to point out the place to land, after that Těngku Pěnglima Běsar will take the letter." When Pěngeran heard what Mr. Raffles said, he replied, "In that case I will undertake it sir." Mr. Raffles said, "Come here this evening, and we will write the letter which is to be sent, for this must be done quickly, and cannot be delayed. In four or five days a great many ships will arrive here, and in ten days or a fortnight I expect the ship of General Lord Minto, and the General from Madras." Pěn-

geran replied, "All right, sir;" and went home to Hujung Pasir. Then Mr. Raffles said to Těngku Pěnglima Běsar, "Pack up, Těngku: perhaps in two days you must sail in my cutter." He replied, "Very well, sir," and he also went home.

In the evening Mr. Raffles sent for Pěngeran, and when he had come, Mr. Raffles told him to write the letter which was to be sent to the Susunan of Bantaram in the Javanese language. Pěngeran wrote the letter, and it was not until about midnight that it was finished: then Mr. Raffles sealed it, and enclosed various presents to the value of about two or three hundred dollars. Pěngeran then went home. The next day early, Těngku Pěnglima Běsar was sent for, and when he came, Mr. Raffles gave him four hundred dollars in cash for his expenses and for the expenses of his men. Also the cutter was ready to sail, and he took with him all the Malays whom he had brought from Siak, and his two sons. On the day when he was to sail, Mr. Raffles gave him two boxes of opium, and two hundred dollars in cash.

Mr. Raffles sent for Těngku Pěnglima Běsar and Pěngeran to come to his house, and told them all that they were to do, giving them a letter in English, saying, "Whenever you meet any English ship or cutter, show them this letter and they will give you whatever you want, either food or anything of the kind. Now Těngku Pěnglima Běsar is the Captain of this cutter, and Pěngeran must obey his orders: and you two must take good counsel together about everything. I want to get this information quickly, before all these ships sail to Java, because I want to give the information to Lord Minto: so get back quickly, and do not delay your voyage: and do not call in anywhere." All the supplies for the voyage were ready, and the next morning at six o'clock the cutter sailed. Mr. Raffles and Mr. Farquhar went to see Těngku Pěnglima Běsar and Pěngeran off, and they went down to the shore, and both of those gentlemen shook hands with them, and said, "A safe journey to you, Těngku;" so they all went on board and sailed.

I will now leave the story of the voyage of Těngku Pěnglima Běsar and Pěngeran, and will tell about the English ships which came and assembled at Malacca to go and fight in Java. Four or five days after the cutter had sailed, the ships began to come to

Malacca every day, three or four or one; then the next day there would come six or seven, and so it was every day. Now all these ships were full of lascars and sepoys from Bengal, whose officers were all English, a great number of them. They all lived in tents, at a place called Limbongan, and they reached all the way from Limbongan to Tanjong Keling, all of various regiments and with different uniforms. Amongst them there were many races, Hindus and Mohammedans. I noticed that some of the Hindus ate like dogs, that is to say lapping. If anyone saw them while they were eating, some of them would throw away their rice, and would chase the person who saw them, as if they wanted to kill him, for they were so angry. Some of them cooked their own food in the heat of the sun, and ate it there also, their bodies being bathed in perspiration; and when they had finished eating, they buried in the sand the rice and curry which was left over. Some of them tied three pieces of thread around their stomach before eating, and did not stop eating until the thread broke. And I noticed that some of them took white and red earth, and smeared it on their breasts and arms, and on their foreheads with three converging lines, and they bowed in worship to the front and left and right and behind them, after which they ran down to the sea into the water up to their waists, and worshiped the sun for some time, slapping their faces right and left, after which they went on shore and ate, screening themselves with white cloth, so that they could not be seen while eating; if they should chance to be seen, they would throw away their rice, and break their pots and pans; and when they wanted to cook again they would have to buy new ones. Then there was another nationality who could be seen while eating, but could not speak, but they repeated something with their lips moving, and their hands counting while they ate, but they could not move from the place where they were sitting. I saw all sorts of foolish customs. And there were some who could not eat fish or flesh or anything that had blood, but only vegetables.

At that time I saw a great many different kinds of people, and all sorts of clothing, such as I had never seen in my life before. And I noticed that the Englishmen who were their officers wore various kinds of clothing, some had tiger skins as clothes, some

wore the feathers of cocks dyed red, white and black, all around their hats, some had their trousers made of the skins of animals, and others had clothes striped like tiger. I then saw for the first time all sorts of tents, some shaped just like real houses, with beds and rooms, and tables and chairs, and doors and windows, and bath rooms and privies, all of which were of cloth; and some of the tents were all of red cloth; and some were white outside, but inside were of prints of various patterns.

Every day they were at work, drilling morning and evening, some regiments being taught to shoot their cannons, and others to shoot with muskets, and there were bulls to haul their cannons, all of them very big. I was amazed to see that when they fired such big cannons close to the ears of the bulls they were not startled, nor did they move from where they stood; and when the officers shouted orders for the sepoys to run, the bulls also ran with them; and when they said, "Halt," the bulls stopped too; and if the sepoys marched obliquely, the bulls did the same; I was surprised to see them act just like men. So I thought to myself, since animals which are without intellectual faculties can be taught by men, how much more we men who have intelligence and know good and evil, and yet live in idleness, not wanting to learn anything which would be of benefit or advantage to ourselves.

A few days later there came a very large ship, bringing sepoys who were called "Troop," three hundred men: all of whom were Mohammedans, with three English Officers. They came ashore, and were kept separate, being quartered at Bandar Hilir, in the plantation of Mr. Adrian Koek. A great many Malacca people went to see them, and I also went with them. I found that while their officers were training them on the parade ground, they were all mounted, and their horses were all Arabs, big horses, all of the same colour and very beautiful. And I noticed that the men were all fine big fellows, and all of them wore whiskers. Their uniforms consisted of grey coats and trousers, and grey caps, and every man had a pair of pistols, and a sword, and a musket slung on his back, a flask of gunpowder hung on his left side, and a water bottle on the right, with a haversack for his food over the shoulder; two leather straps were attached to the saddle with buckles, and when

they were on horse back the two ends of the straps were buckled to their waists, so that they might not fall off, for none of them held their horses' reins: they were so clever at riding their horses, it seemed like flying: they did not even move, let alone fall, while they loaded and fired their muskets and slashed with their swords. When their officer drilled them, he did not speak with his mouth, but had a trumpet in his hand, and whatever he desired he blew on the trumpet, and all the horses ran at the same moment, as quick as lightning: then he blew again, and all of them stopped at once, not one after another, but all the horses feet together, then he blew again, and the horses formed a square like a fort: then again he blew, and all the men fired their muskets together, like one sound: he blew again, and every one of them loaded his musket: he blew again, and each man slung his musket behind him, and drew his sword: once more he blew, and all of them ran at once up round the hill, and formed up like a fort. Suddenly there came sailors to cut the brushwood, who had ropes ready at their waists, and they tied up the brushwood in piles as they cut it down, each man a bundle: in a moment the fort was cleared: then he blew the trumpet again, and they all ran down, with a sound like thunder, and all of them drew up in order before the officer. Now the officer whom I have mentioned was also mounted on horseback while commanding the sepoys.

I was even more astonished to see the cleverness of the horses than I had been to see the cleverness of the bulls while hauling the cannons, for all the horses understood the sounds of the trumpet as if it were a man speaking, and not a single horse made a mistake: and also because their riders did not hold the reins, but just through the cleverness of the horses they took them anywhere. The officer's horse was bigger than those of the sepoys, and when the officer had finished drilling them and was going home, he would not take his horse in through the gate of the fence, but jumped his horse over the fence: and the height of the fence where he jumped it was more than seven cubits (ten feet). This went on every day, and hundreds of the people of Malacca of all races came daily to see the sight, being much amazed to see the cleverness of the horses, acting just like men, and understanding all the sounds of the trumpet:

and also to see what the officer did, jumping his horse every day over the fence as he went in and out. One man said, "He is not a man:" and another said, "This Englishman is really a jinn, that is why he is able to do a thing like that."

Now the sepoys could read the Koran, and knew the Arabic language, and of course Hindustani; and many of them had Arab blood in them, and were Saiyids; and they were very polite and respectful, and pleasant in appearance. I asked them, "Where did the English bring you all from?" and they answered, "Our city is Delhi, and we are all the Nabab's people; the English went there and asked for men, so the Nabab gave three hundred men. There are still there some thousands of our companions, all of them cavalry like us." I then asked again, "How much a month is your pay?" They answered, "The Nabab pays us three hundred sicca rupees, and the English pay us the same; moreover they have promised us that if they take the island of Java, they will give us a present besides the pay which we have mentioned."

After three days there came six big ships, amongst which was a ship which brought the General from Madras. When that ship arrived, it was received with a salute from the cannon of the Malacca Fort. Immediately after, there was a parade of about a thousand sepoys from Limbongan as far as Liri, all of them came into Malacca, with their fifes and drums, and all kinds of music. When the troops arrived, they were drawn up by their officers three deep, on both sides of the street, from the seashore as far as the Resident's house: and a moment later the General came ashore. I saw that he was tall and stout, his face was oval, his body of medium build, and he wore a long black coat, with a star hanging on his breast. Four or five men were in attendance on him. Mr. Raffles and Mr. Farquhar and the Malacca officials came and shook hands with him, and saluted him with respect. As his feet stepped on shore, a great many guns were fired, and all the troops lowered their muskets in his honor, and the fifes and drums sounded; and so he walked up to the Resident's house. When he looked right and left and saw a great many people saluting him, he also saluted right and left, and kept bowing his head until he reached the Resident's house: and as he put his foot on the stairs, all the troops

fired three times in succession; it sounded as if the territory of Malacca would be overturned. After that all of them returned home.

After five or six days, there came four great ships, and people said that the Bombay General was on board there; and these ships also were received with a salute of guns from Malacca. When he came on shore, he was received by the troops with a parade such as I have described above; but it seemed to me that there was a little less respect than had been paid to the Madras General. I saw that he was a short man, with a round face and white hair, he was of medium size, and his face was pale because of seeing so many people; and he also was received by the same gentlemen, and taken to the Resident's house. As he mounted the stairs, the troops fired over and over again, and after that they all returned home.

In that way there were always ships arriving every day, one day four or five, or perhaps one, until the roadstead at Malacca was full of ships at anchor, the masts of the ships appearing in rows like the posts of a fence. At that time all kinds of food were dear at Malacca, eggs being three for five cents, and a fowl for a sicca rupee, and vegetables and fish, don't mention it; so that even the *bedukang* fish in the river, which are foul feeders, were all turned into sicca rupees. All the people of Malacca of every race had a great opportunity to earn a living at their various occupations, rich and poor according to their station. And at that time no woman dared to move out of her house, for the English and the sepoys were drunk and sprawling all along the streets, and some of them fighting and making a great disturbance; and the watchmen and police inspectors were constantly arresting drunken men and sending them to their own places. At that time nobody used the words *mata-mata* or "police" or "court," but *piang*, and *merinyu* and *fiscaal* and *justisa*. Moreover dollars and other money were never then seen at Malacca, but only sicca rupees, and all of them newly minted.

A great many of the Hindu sepoys died every day, for it was said that at sea they had not eaten boiled rice, but only crushed rice and cocoanut and sugar; but when they came on shore they ate boiled rice, and had stomach trouble, so that every day they

were dying; besides which it was their custom to bathe first before eating. Among those who survived many were sick and pale and bloated.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL OF LORD MINTO.

Two or three days later there appeared one morning a very fast ship, painted black, and lying low in the water; and she was flying a flag at the mast head. When she was seen from the other ships, all of them hoisted their flags, and a flag was hoisted on the Fort hill. There was excitement in Malacca, and people said, "Lord Minto's ship has come," and in a few moments the ship appeared flying a long pennant. In the town of Malacca the order was given that everyone should sweep in front of his house, and in all the streets and markets decorations were ordered, and thousands of people of all races assembled on the shore, desiring to see what he looked like, and the clothes he wore, because he was such a celebrated person. A moment later there was heard a great sound of music, and a parade of all the troops at Limbongan and Klebang Kéchil and Klebang Bësar, and Batang Tiga, and Liri, and Tanjong Kling, coming to Malacca all at once; and the sounds of the fifes and drums and bands, and all the music was like the day of resurrection, and the sounds of men's feet like a great storm. All the sepoy and their officers were wearing new clothes, and their weapons glittered, reflecting the light of the sun. So long was the line of troops that it took about an hour as they marched by without ceasing, although they were drawn up two deep and four deep, and Malacca was quite full of troops; besides which there were all the people of Malacca who came to see the sight, so that nothing could be seen except men everywhere. Now all the troops were drawn up three deep, from the edge of the sea as far as the Resident's house. A moment later, the sound of a trumpet was heard coming from Bandar Hilir, and the parade of three hundred horses with their officers coming with a roaring sound; and when they arrived the cavalry were drawn up all around out-

side the infantry. Now there was at Malacca a large cutter belonging to the Company, which had been decorated, and there was an English flag hoisted at the bow; and the men who rowed it were all wearing red clothes, their coats and turbans being red. When all was ready, they went with Mr. Raffles, Mr. Farquhar and all the officials to receive Lord Minto. After about an hour, he came ashore from the anchorage, and when he landed the ships fired a salute. When this was heard, it was answered from the shore, and then all the ships in the roadstead fired their guns, with a sound like popping corn. For two or three hours the sound of the cannon did not cease, and the sea was obscured with the smoke of the gunpowder. After a while the cutter reached the shore, and all the officers and the troops on parade were ready waiting, and when Lord Minto set his foot on shore, the cannon on the hill sounded.

When I saw the appearance and form of Lord Minto, I was very much amazed, for I had been imagining what he would look like, and how handsome he would be, and big and tall, and about his clothes; and I remembered the Malay proverb which says, "The fame is greater than the reality," and so I bit my forefinger. As to his appearance, as I saw him, he was past middle age, his body was thin, and his actions gentle, and his face pleasant; it seemed to me that he could hardly lift a twenty-five pound weight, so feeble did he appear to be. I noticed that he was wearing a black coat of broad-cloth and black trousers, and there was nothing else that I could mention. All the officials who were going to receive him kept far away from him, and no one dared to offer their hands to him, but they all took off their hats and folded their arms; and the officers of the sepoy's shouted, and ordered all of them to lower their muskets, as a sign of respect. As he came ashore he looked right and left, and bowed right and left, and then walked slowly all through the ranks, while the cannons were sounding all the time; and his hand did not cease saluting with a polite and respectful manner. I did not see the slightest sign of haughtiness or raising his head, but he merely bowed with a pleasant face. All the people that were there saluted him, and he stopped there a moment, and lifted his hand to return the salute of the poor people, Chinese, Malays, Tamils, and Portuguese, smiling as he returned their greet-

ings. How the hearts of all God's creatures opened to him, with many prayers, seeing his kindness and the way in which he knew how to win men's hearts!

At that moment I was deep in thought, remembering the truth of the Malay proverb, which says, "If a snake creeps along a root, it will not lose its venom;" and still more the Chinese proverb which says, "Will the water shake in a full barrel? but in a barrel half full the water will shake." At the present time the officials for the most part are like those who lay a gentleman's table, they have no standing, but their pride rises to the sky; and if poor people like myself should greet them three or four times, they would pretend not to see it; and if they were in a carriage, they would be still more important. The way they got their position was as the children say, "If a monkey gets a flower, does he know what use it is? On the contrary, he tears it up and throws it on the ground." And again, as the Malays say, "However high the stork may fly, at last it will perch on the buffalo's back." This is an illustration to show that however important a person may be, at last he will be below the sod. But I beg a thousand pardons of the officials mentioned above, if they should read my story, for I do not say all this because of envy, nor in order to humiliate any one. But in this world our life is only for a day or two; and if we do well, we shall be well spoken of, and similarly if we do evil. As the Malays say, "When a tiger dies, he leaves behind him his stripes; and when an elephant dies, he leaves his bones." Thus those who die leave their reputation to those who survive them.

I will now return to my story concerning Lord Minto. After a moment he ceased greeting the people, and walked slowly on with his head bent, and reached the Resident's house, and went upstairs. All the officials in Malacca, and the officers who had just come, went up there to meet him. I noticed that amongst all the numerous officials Mr. Raffles was the only one who dared to approach him, and the others sat far off: and when they had met with him a moment, they all returned home. All the troops fired three times in succession, and then they all went home.

The next day Lord Minto went first of all to see the jail, where criminals and debtors were imprisoned; some of them had been

there three or four years, and others six or seven months. When he got there, as the door opened, all the people in the prison came running; some of them fell on their faces at his feet, and others wept, each of them making his complaint. The Warden, that is the man in charge of the jail, forbade them; but Lord Minto said, "Never mind." When he saw the condition of affairs, his eyes filled with tears, and he said in the Hindustani language, "Don't you worry, in a moment everyone will be set free." When they heard that they all rejoiced, and knelt at his feet, each of them feeling as if he were a king. So Lord Minto returned to the Resident's house. Shortly after, the Resident, Mr. Farquhar, came with the man in charge of the prison, and with a number of police and inspectors, bringing keys to open the doors of the prison, and they cried saying, "Come out everyone, Lord Minto says to let you go." I cannot describe the joy of all these men; there was a regular hubbub as they all went out, expressing their thanks, and praying for Lord Minto that God would give him long life and victory over his enemies. I pray to God that thus He may pardon our sins, and set us free from the punishment of hell fire. Amen, Amen, Amen.

The next day he went to see the *Trongko Glap*, which is a very dark dungeon. When he got there, he saw all the implements of various kinds for torturing people; the place for branding; the place called *Tratu* where people's joints were hammered, after which they were hung; and the place where people were put in the stocks; and the place where people were hung. All these implements had been used at the time of the Dutch. When Lord Minto saw all these appliances, he looked very cross, and he spat several times, and said to the man in charge of the implements, "Take these down below and burn them; don't let one of them remain." Immediately convicts were called to come and take all the implements down to the foot of the hill, and burn them. After that he went up again to see the dark dungeon, and when he got there, there were two or three men being punished there who had committed great crimes, but he set them all free, and gave orders to demolish the dungeon, and to make a beautiful new one, as it is at the present time. The difference between the former prison and the present

one is as great as the difference between the earth and the heavens, for the *Trongko* or dark dungeon which used to be there had no windows at all, and no place to sit or sleep, but the earth was the only place to sleep, and day and night were just the same, and there they performed their natural functions; whoever got into that dungeon was like a person who had entered Hell. But the present prison has dozens of windows, and the bars are all of iron, and inside it is paved with stones, and there are rooms like those in a house: besides which there are beds, and at night several lamps are lit: the only punishment consists in their not being able to go out any where, and even a man's wife and children can come and see him there: for this reason most people say that the prison is beautiful, and people like to be there, and they are not afraid of it, because they do not suffer anything. The people who talk like that are thoughtless, as it appears to me, for they imagine that people can be frightened by being made to suffer like that: but it seems to me to be cruelty, and to show a lack of pity for one's fellow-creatures. It is enough to put them in there, without making them suffer in that way; for does not everybody know that the place is called a jail, so it is certainly disgraceful, and what is the good of making God's creatures suffer like that? If their crime is worthy of death, let them be killed at once.

One afternoon Lord Minto came to the plantation where Mr. Raffles lived, as he was going round to see the villages. When he arrived, Mr. Raffles went hurriedly downstairs to receive him. As he came into the room where we were all writing, we rose to greet him: and as he was looking around the place, he came to where I was writing, and I stepped back, for I was the youngest of all the writers. He shook my hand, and said in the Hindustani language, "How do you do?" I showed him due respect. The skin of his hand felt to me as soft as the hand of a baby. He came to see how the Malays write, and the appearance of their writing; and he told me to write for a moment, and watched my hand, smiling and saying, "How can you write so fast, since it is from right to left." He also said, "You had better learn the English language, and to read English," I replied, "I should very much like to learn, sir." After that he went into Mr. Raffles's house, and after seeing Mrs.

Raffles for a moment, he returned home. Every day, however, Mr. Raffles went to see him at his house.

From the time when he arrived at Malacca, he went out driving every evening. One day he would go to see a mosque, another day to see a Chinese Temple, and another day he went to see the temples of the Hindoos and of the Portuguese; he went all around the town of Malacca. Wherever people met his carriage, both rich and poor and lowly stopped to salute him, and he immediately returned their greeting; at times when many people saluted him all along the street, he would merely hold his hat, without putting it on his head, but just waving his hat with a pleasant countenance and a polite manner. I saw that he did not in the least exaggerate his own importance, either in his manner or his clothes, while the servants in his employ wore livery like officials, with silk umbrellas and watches and beautiful clothes; and they made no little disturbance and trouble for the people in the bazaar and in the shops; everyone was afraid of them, because they were the servants of a high official; for they thought it was like the customs of Malay princes and Chinese officials, that if their servants do anything to the people of the town they cannot do anything to them, and if one of them is killed, seven men will be killed in revenge. None of them knew the good customs of the English; not merely the servants of a high official, but even if the official himself were to do anything which he ought not, he could be brought to trial; and if for instance he had killed a man, he would certainly suffer the death penalty; for the English law will never permit anyone to do wrong to another, either great or small, prince or peasant, all are exactly the same in the sight of the law. Yet it is right to give honor to an official on account of his position, and not because he does violence or takes other people's property or does anything which is improper.

CHAPTER 8.

THE TREACHERY OF TĒNGKU PĒNGLIMA BĒSAR.

We now come to the story of Tĕngku Pĕnglima Bĕsar, who had been sent by Mr. Raffles to take a letter to Java, together with Pĕngeran, the son of a Javanese official; and they had been gone nearly three months. After they went, all the ships assembled at Malacca, until the Malacca roadstead was full. I counted all the ships reaching from Tanjong Kĕling as far as Pulau Panjang, and there were in all a hundred ships, large and small, besides dozens of ships which had passed by, to go and wait all along the sea as far as Java.

One day there came a signaller from the signal station on the hill, and told Mr. Raffles, saying, "Sir, your cutter has returned which Tĕngku Pĕnglima Bĕsar went in." Mr. Raffles was very glad to hear the news, for only a week later all the ships were to sail, and they had made ready all their equipment, and the food for the voyage was also ready. Shortly after the cutter anchored, and Tĕngku Pĕnglima Bĕsar and Pĕngeran came ashore. As soon as they arrived, they both came to Mr. Raffles' house, bringing a letter wrapped in yellow cloth. Mr. Raffles was ready waiting, and when he met them, he shook hands with both of them, and showed them honour, and Mr. Raffles said, "What is the news, Tĕngku, are you well?" He replied, "Quite well, sir; I was very nearly killed by being stabbed: but only two of my men were killed, being stabbed as they went ashore to take the letter." He told Mr. Raffles all that happened when the letter was taken, and Mr. Raffles replied, "Don't you worry, Tĕngku: the English Company will adequately reward all your labour. If we succeed in taking the island of Java, I will ask Lord Minto to let you govern a Province, whichever one you like. Now what about the letter?" He immediately produced the letter, with its yellow wrapping. Mr. Raffles said, "Did you

yourself meet the Susuman?" He replied, "I did sir, at night; and he told me that whenever the English wished to come and take the island of Java, he was ready to come and help on shore. Moreover I had not time to talk, sir, for I was afraid that there were people belonging to the Dutch watching. When I got the letter, I wanted to go on board, but some Javanese employed by the Dutch came to arrest all of us. We fought with our krises, and two of my men were killed; and how many of their people were killed I do not know, for it was very dark." While he was speaking, the Pengeran was also there listening, and he confirmed what was said. Mr. Raffles answered, "The company is very much obliged to you." When Mr. Raffles had received the letter, Těngku Pěnglima Běsar took leave to go home, and afterwards Pengeran also went home. Mr. Raffles shook hands with them, and showed them honour, and each of them went to his own house.

In the afternoon Mr. Raffles sent for Pengeran, as he wanted him to read the letter, because he understood the Javanese language. He came immediately, and when he came up, Mr. Raffles told him to open the letter, and he read it. After the compliments to the English Company, there were respects and greetings to Mr. Raffles, and then it said, "The letter and the things sent we have received, and as for our friend's request to us, we are ready waiting, and whenever our friend comes to Java, we will come to his assistance on shore." When Mr. Raffles heard the words of the letter he gazed for some time in deep thought. The Pengeran had returned home after reading the letter.

I noticed how Mr. Raffles acted, for from the time when he heard the contents of the letter until the afternoon he seemed unsettled; every now and then he would take the letter, and look at it, and afterwards he would put it down: this was how he behaved. His custom was to drive out in the afternoon, but that day the carriage remained at the door until night, for he did not want to leave the house, and all night long he was like that. In the morning at nine o'clock I came, as my custom was every day, and I saw that Mr. Raffles was leaning back in his chair, and holding the letter in his hand. After eating breakfast, he went downstairs to see the people who were packing up his goods, but the letter, I noticed, was still in his hand; after which he again went upstairs.

After a time I saw him go down hurriedly, and he said, " Ibrahim, bring me four or five sheets of the paper that is in the cupboard." Ibrahim took the paper upstairs, and a moment later he brought down the letter together with that paper, and showed them to his secretary and to all of us, saying, " Is the number of this paper on which this letter is written the same as this paper or not?" We answered, " Exactly the same; there is no difference, except that it is a little crumpled by the hand which wrote it." Immediately he sent a policeman to call Pëngeran, and he came at once. I noticed that the colour of Pëngeran's face had changed, and that he was pale.

At the moment when he arrived, Mr. Raffles was still holding the letter, and walking up and down on his verandah; and Pëngeran came up. When Mr. Raffles saw him out of the corner of his eye, he did not address him; and he stood near the wall. After he had walked up and down ten or twenty times, he sprang at Pëngeran: I thought he was going to strike him, for at that moment I was peeping through a chink in the door. When he sprang at him, I saw that Pëngeran was taken aback. Without calling him by name, Mr. Raffles said, " Did the Susunan of Bantaram really give this letter?" At that moment I saw that the Pëngeran's face was like the face of a corpse, and absolutely bloodless. He was silent, and did not reply to what Mr. Raffles said. Then Mr. Raffles said, " Don't you hear what I ask? If you don't tell the truth, I will have you hung this moment." When the Pëngeran heard Mr. Raffles say that in a furious rage, his feet and hands shook as he stood. I never saw Mr. Raffles's face such a colour, almost blueish, and his hands trembled because he was so angry; and he said, " You won't tell the truth?" Pëngeran answered, " Sir, what can I do?" He was silent a moment; and then Mr. Raffles said, " What is that? Tell the truth." Pëngeran answered, " Sir, I was a subordinate under the orders of Tëngku Pënglima Bësar, and I obeyed whatever he ordered; if I had not obeyed he would have killed me." Mr. Raffles said, " What is that; how did it begin? Tell the truth; if not, it will be the worse for you." Pëngeran said, " How can I tell it, for I have sworn on the Koran not to reveal this secret." Mr. Raffles said, " That is no use, you must tell it."

Pëngeran answered, "Very well, sir, it is not my fault; when we first sailed from here, in twelve days we reached the mouth of the Pëlembang river, and there came a strong head wind against us from the southeast. Then Tëngku Pënglima Bësar said, "Let us call in at Jambi, for this wind is very strong." I replied, "Mr. Raffles told us not to call in anywhere." Tëngku Pënglima Bësar said, "How is that? if that is so, let us die; but rather than die at sea, let us die in some foreign land." He was angry when he said this, and I replied, "Do what you think best, Tëngku." So the cutter was sailed in the direction of the Jambi river, and after two days sail, we reached the mouth of the river. When we arrived, he put on shore the opium and all the good things, and he and his sons and four or five men went ashore, while I and the sailors remained on the cutter. We waited a day, and he did not come; then a second day, and still he did not come; and on the sixth day his men came on board and asked for the remaining things; and I did not dare to refuse him, for I was only one, and was afraid he might stab me. When he had taken the things away, he remained about fifteen days on shore, and then at last he came on board, with a surly face and very angry. He came on board the cutter, and went into the cabin and slept, and all his men sat down and cooked their food. This went on for five or six days, after which he went ashore again, and said to me, "In this season the wind is very strong, wait a few days longer, and we can sail." I replied, "Very well, Tëngku." He remained on shore for six or seven days, and then came on board; and when he arrived, he ordered the anchor to be weighed, and we sailed. He sailed the cutter into the creeks of the river, and then ordered us to anchor, and we remained there another six or seven days. A small vessel came and wished to pass that way, and he fired at it, but the men in that vessel returned our fire, and two men in the cutter were killed; we continued the fight until the sun went down, and then the wind fell, and that vessel sailed away, and where it went we could not see. After that he plundered three other vessels, and their crews all jumped into the water, and he took their property. This went on for about a fortnight, and one morning he called me, and said, "Now what do you advise? for we cannot take that letter to the Susunan of

Bantaram, because the wind is too strong." I replied, "Why could we not get there, if we sailed with determination? for this is not the season of storms." When he heard me say that, he was angry, and had a surly look, so I kept quiet for fear he might stab me. "I have a plan now," he said; "will you all obey?" I and the sailors all said, "What is it, Tèngku?" He said, "If you are really willing, I will have you all swear that you will never reveal this secret; and if anyone will not do so, let him say." We all answered, "We will do whatever you say." He brought out the Koran, and called me first, and told me to swear; and I was startled to see him so very angry, as if he was going to kill someone; so I thought, if I do not do what he wishes, he will certainly kill me, so then I swore that I would not reveal the secret; after which all the sailors swore. When that had been done, he said, "Let us write a letter, and say that it is a letter from the Susunan of Bantaram in reply to Mr. Raffles's letter, and say that he received the letter we brought, and is ready waiting; and whenever Mr. Raffles comes to attack the island of Java, he will assist on shore." After that I wrote the letter, and when it was done, he wrapped it with yellow cloth; after which we promised faithfully that we would not reveal the secret. When the work of preparing that letter was completed, the cutter sailed to Malacca. These, sir, are the circumstances from beginning to end."

When Mr. Raffles heard all that had occurred, he bit his finger, and stamped with his foot, and his face was very red; and he said, "You go down stairs." I saw that at that time Mr. Raffles acted like a man in great trouble, sighing from time to time, for that was the day when he was to send his things on board ship. The other ships all sailed that day, and the Malacca roadstead was dark with the number of ships that were sailing. In the town of Malacca also there was a great stir that day, for thirty or forty ships were all sailing at once, and there only remained about fifty or sixty ships.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the carriages of various officials came to Mr. Raffles's house, for they had heard that he had received a letter from Java. Then Mr. Raffles suffered great humiliation, because every one of those gentlemen wanted to hear the

contents of that letter. A moment later Lord Minto himself came to Mr. Raffles's house, and when his carriage arrived, Mr. Raffles went down to receive Lord Minto with a pale face. When all of them had assembled, Mr. Raffles said, "Go and call Těngku Pěnglima Běsar;" and he told the sepoy who was on guard at the gate, that when he came he should not allow his men to enter, but he alone could go in. Every day when Mr. Raffles sent for him, he came immediately; but that day as many as three policemen went to call him, and even then he had not yet come, for he was packing up his things to run away. A moment later he came, and his men came with him, about ten or twelve of them, each wearing his *kris*; and both his sons were with him, and each of them had two *krises*. When they reached the gate of the enclosure, the sepoy would not allow any of them to come in, except Těngku Pěnglima Běsar, and the others all remained outside. As there was nothing else for him to do, Těngku Pěnglima Běsar walked in slowly; and when he came to the house, he wanted to go upstairs, but the man who was guarding the stairs would not let him, but went and told Mr. Raffles. After a time Mr. Raffles came down; and as soon as he saw Mr. Raffles' face he saluted him, but Mr. Raffles did not return his salute, because he was too angry; and he said, "You are a liar, and I will have you put at the mouth of a cannon; go away! don't stand here! This afternoon that little ship will sail; go on board quickly, for at four o'clock she will sail; when we get to sea, I will place you in front of the cannon's mouth. But what can I do now, as I am going to sail tomorrow morning; if it were not for that, you ought to be hung. Go away! Don't stand in front of me any longer! I do not want to see the face of a liar and a pirate." At that time I saw that the face of Těngku Pěnglima Běsar was like the face of a corpse, and he could not answer a word; if a stone could speak, then he could; because he had been found out. At that time Mr. Raffles was greatly humiliated in the presence of Lord Minto, for he had guaranteed that Těngku Pěnglima Běsar was a good man. If at that time he had lost say ten thousand dollars, it would not have been so much trouble to him, because he was humiliated before the officials. I suppose it was because of this humiliation that he intentionally told Těngku

Pēnglima Bēsar to run away: if he had not, at that moment he could have done to him anything that he liked. And in order that he might not be seen by those gentlemen, Tēngku Pēnglima Bēsar returned to his house. There was a great commotion at Mr. Raffles' house, because he was about to sail, and amongst all the people who were bustling about, Tēngku Pēnglima Bēsar escaped that night in a small boat (*sampan*), and it is said that he went to Siak.

Moral; Oh my wise friends! it is right that you should take warning from all the terrible things which I have mentioned. It should be a reminder to all who would look for a trustworthy man, and one in whom one could place confidence and reliance, that such a thing is dear to buy and hard to find at the present time, and if one does not examine and investigate sufficiently, in the end one will surely regret it, as Mr. Raffles did; but what is the good of that? As the Malays say: "To regret beforehand is some gain, but to regret afterwards is useless." As the wise men say, "A drop of indigo will spoil a whole pan of milk." In Mr. Raffles' case, because he made insufficient investigation in regard to that important affair, he afterwards repented without avail, for he knew that the character of a bad man is very difficult to reform, unless one receives an indication from God. As the wise men say, "Even though the crow be bathed with rose water, and given amber and musk to eat, its black feathers will not become white."

That very night one of the ships anchored off Klebang Bēsar was burned. The fire was caused by a man who was smoking on the ship, and threw down the end of his cigar inside the vessel, and the cordage caught fire, and so the ship was burned. It caught fire in the middle of the night, and the next day about eleven o'clock the fire reached the magazine, and the ship blew up with a sound like thunder; one could feel the town of Malacca shake, and the ship sank. The captain of the ship was staying on shore. Immediately all the ships anchored in the roadstead weighed their anchors and sailed, for fear they should catch fire. Two days after the ship was burned, many people in Malacca picked up the equipment of the ship and various things which were floating all along the shore.

On that day Mr. Raffles was going to sail, and he wished to

take me with him, but my mother would not allow it, and she cried and said, "I have not two sons nor three, only one, and he is like my own eye." Mr. Raffles replied, "Are you afraid he will die?" My mother answered, "No sir, not because of his dying; but he is still a lad, and not accustomed to be separated from his parents; besides which I hear that at Batavia there is a great deal of sickness, and therefore I cannot bring myself to let my boy go." Mr. Raffles replied, "Very well, if my life is spared I will return here, and will employ Abdullah again." He called me into his study, and wrote a letter; after which he opened a box, and took out thirty dollars, and gave me the letter with the money, saying, "If any Englishmen send for you to work for them, or to teach the Malay language, show them this letter, and you will get work." I received it with thanks; and then he said, "Go and say goodbye to my wife;" so I went and said goodbye to Mrs. Raffles, and she gave me ten dollars, and some muslin with gold embroidery, half a piece, and said, "Make this into a coat." I then went home with a very sad heart, because I was very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Raffles, and they seemed like my father and mother. If it had not been that I was afraid of my parents, my own desire at that time would have been to run away and follow him wherever he went, for he was very kind and courteous in the way he spoke to us: May God reward his kindness in this world with increasing honour and glory, and give him health and comfort, with peace of mind. That very day he made another plan, and took with him my uncle, whose name was Ismael Lëbai, and he sailed in Lord Minto's ship. All the other ships sailed also, and the roadstead of Malacca was deserted.

A month later the English took the island of Java, and there came a letter to my grandmother at Malacca, saying that my uncle Ismael Lëbai, who went with Mr. Raffles, had died at Batavia. His wife and children were sad, and his mother also grieved very much for the death of her son.

CHAPTER 9.

THE ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE IS FOUNDED AT
MALACCA BY MR. MILNE.

In the year 1238 of the flight of the Prophet, that is the year 1823 after Christ, the first English clergyman came to Malacca, a man and his wife and a little daughter, and two sons who were twins. The name of the clergyman was Mr. Milne, his daughter's name was Celia, and the names of the twins were William and Robert. When this gentleman first came, he lived in the Fort, and established a school for children to learn the English language. After he had been teaching about ten days or a fortnight, I first heard people saying, "An English clergyman has just come, and is teaching children for nothing, taking nothing for pay or expenses, and supplying everything such as paper, pen and ink, etc." When I heard that, I was very glad, remembering what Lord Minto and Mr. Raffles had told me to do, saying, "If you learn the English language it will be a great benefit to you." Since they had said that, their words had been rivetted, as it were, in my memory. It was exceedingly difficult at that time to learn the English language at Malacca, for as yet there was no school: if the children of the rich wished to learn, they had a teacher come to their house, and paid him high wages: and he would not be a clever teacher, and not a real Englishman, most of them being Roman Catholics who had come from Madras or Holland, and had learned a little English: such were all those who taught at Malacca, and they required a big salary. At that time no one at Malacca of any other nationalities could read or speak English properly, for no one was learning.

One day I went to make the acquaintance of Mr. Milne, and to see what an English clergyman was like, for I had never seen nor heard of one, though I had seen the Roman Catholic priests: moreover I wished to see how he taught the children. It was about

eleven o'clock in the morning; and when I reached his house, I kept peeping in at the window from outside because I did not dare to go in. I saw that he was teaching two boys, and I noticed that his appearance and his clothes were just like those of ordinary Englishmen. When he noticed me, I greeted him saying, (in English), "Good morning, sir;" for that was all the English I knew at that time, and I had learned it from Mr. Raffles' secretary. When he heard that, he made a similar reply, and came up to me, and brought me into the school room, thinking that I was proficient in the English language; and he said to me in English, "Where did you learn the English language?" I could not answer him, for I did not understand, but there was a Eurasian lad there who explained to me. Then he said, "Can you read the Malay character?" I replied, "Yes, sir, a little." He then went in, and brought out two or three Gospels, which had been printed in the Malay language. When I saw the writing in those books I was much amazed, for I had never yet seen any Malay characters in print, but I looked at them closely, and could recognize all the letters, only the dots being different, for in our Malay writings there are not so many dots. I felt troubled in my mind, thinking how many different kinds of Malay writing are there in the world? and I kept this in mind. Then I asked him, "Sir, where was this book made?" He answered, "The Dutch made it, they translated it into Malay." I asked, "What book is this?" And he replied, "The Gospel," and then he said, "Take one, and read it." I took it and thanked him; and then said, "Sir, I should very much like to learn to read English." He replied, "Very well, I will teach you, but you must teach me to read Malay." I replied, "Very well, sir, I will come tomorrow." I said goodbye, and went home happy; in the first place I was happy at getting that book for nothing; and secondly, I was glad to find out about Mr. Milne, that he was very kind and courteous, and spoke respectfully; and thirdly, I was glad because he had promised to teach me the English language. For another thing I wanted to know about the contents of that book, and what the story was, for I imagined it was just a history; for at that time I was very fond of reading histories, because I derived many advantages from reading them, and it was in

them that I came across many of the mysteries of the Malay language: so wherever there might be people who had histories which I had never heard of, if it was at all possible I got the loan of them or hired them until I could finish reading them, after which I returned them. It was in such books that I used to do my reading, and thus I got to know about punctuation, and accentuation, and so forth. If God will, I will mention all these things later on.

For this reason I advise all my friends who read this story of mine, if they wish to become proficient in the Malay language, to become familiar with the histories in the Malay language, for in them there lie hidden many splendid things, the value of which you cannot know all at once, but afterwards they will be of great use when you want to write anything, or when people ask you, "What is the meaning of this word, and how is it used?" At that time you will certainly remember, "I met with this word in such and such a book, or such and such a history, and it was used in such and such a way, and with such a meaning." In regard to this matter do not misunderstand me, I am very well aware that in those histories there is much more of what is false than of what is true: but although that is so, I am not telling you to believe the stories in those histories. But however much there may be in them that is false, let that stay where it is, and pay no attention to it; but you ought to know that the authors were clever men, and not such as you and I, and for this reason we will make use of their ability. When we get to know all their secrets, afterwards we shall be able to write whatever we like of true histories and beautiful narratives, and more particularly we shall have known all their meanings, and so our composition will be more and more beautiful, "Not only light, but also carrying a torch."

For with few exceptions, not one in ten, I notice that the majority of those who are proficient in reading Malay writings and histories, are dumbfounded if we ask them the meaning of the words which they are reading, and cannot answer, because they have not studied, and do not know the derivations or the force of the words, but merely copy others. Such are the men who just know how to read, but it is of no use to them, and they cannot write anything themselves, because they do not understand: as for in-

stance, if a man should have a complete set of tools, but did not know their use or how to employ them, could he be an artisan? But if he should be compelled to do the work of an artisan, the tools would certainly be spoiled, and the thing to be made would be destroyed, and sooner or later all his tools would get rusty. It is just so with the art of composition, if words are used in their proper places they will sound right, and in accordance with their meaning; but if they are used out of place they are very awkward, and it is like picking a thorn out of your hand with a pestle.

I will now return to the story of my getting a book from Mr. Milne. When I reached my home, I sat down and read the book, and carefully noticed all the dots; when I had read one page of the book, I was able to read quickly, and I read it almost the whole night and nearly finished the book. The words were Malay, and their meanings were Malay, but the idiom of the language of that book was not Malay idiom; moreover words were used in improper places, and were connected improperly, for these reasons it was quite impossible for me to get the clue to the meaning of that book, and it all read very awkwardly to my ear. I felt like saying, "This is a European book, and I do not know the language of the Europeans." For this reason I marvelled as I sat thinking about this book, for I had been very anxious to see how the book was made, and the shape of the letters was beautiful, but the sentences were inexplicable, neither Malay nor English, so I could not describe them. I thought to myself, "It was useless for them to make this book; who can tell how much toil and money they expended! but the words are useless." The next day I showed it to all my friends near there, and each of them read it, some of them could not read it at all, others read at a snail's pace; but not one of them could tell what it meant. Each of them however warned me, saying, "Do not read this book, throw it away; for this is the Europeans' book, and our faith will be destroyed." I answered them, "How can you tell that this is the Europeans' book? is not this the Malay language? and can this destroy our faith? What is the meaning of faith? As far as I know, faith means to believe; and if I should read a thousand books of other religions, if I did not believe them, how could they destroy my faith? I do not want to hear such stupid words." So they were silent.

It was then ten o'clock, and so I went to see Mr. Milne. When I arrived, I greeted him, and he asked me to come into his room, and said, "Did you read that book last night?" I replied, "I did, sir." He said, "Is the Malay idiom really like that?" I answered, "No sir." He said, "If it is not Malay idiom, what is it?" I replied, "I do not understand it, sir; whoever made the book knows what language it is." When this had been explained to him by the interpreter, he laughed. After that he went in, and brought out a dictionary of the Malay and English languages, and inquired about some fifty or sixty words, such as, *patek*, and *singgasana*, and *sa-sungguh-nya*, and *sěngsara*, etc. I replied as far as I knew, and he looked them all up in the book, and compared them one by one, and said, "Correct." All the words which I heard were correct Malay, such as is used in Malacca and in all Malay books and writings; so I asked, "Who made this book?" He answered, "A very learned Englishman, named Mr. Marsden." I said, "All of this is really the Malay language, but the book which you gave me yesterday is not correct Malay." He smiled, and then brought another book, a Malay grammar, made by the same gentleman, and showed it to me, and told me to read some letters which it contained. When I had read the letters, he said, "Is that correct Malay?" I replied, "This is really Malay composition, sir." He smiled, and after thinking a moment, he said, "Please write something yourself: I want to show it to a gentleman who knows the Malay language." I replied, "Very well, sir." Then he gave me a pen and ink and paper, and I wrote as follows, "Whoever desires to learn the language of other races, should first know his own language, in order that the language which he wishes to learn may be of some benefit to him." When I had written that, he took it and said, "Come here tomorrow without fail."

The next day at ten o'clock I went there, and when I reached the door he greeted me, and told me to come in, saying, "Your name is Abdullah?" I replied, "Yes sir." He then said, "Did you work for Mr. Raffles?" I replied, "I did, sir." He kept laughing as he said, "You can be my teacher; the Europeans tell me you can teach the Malay language." I answered, "Sir, I am an ignorant person, only a lad without any education: how can I be

your teacher? For to be a teacher is no easy thing, and such a man requires five things: firstly, he must have knowledge; secondly, he must not overestimate himself because of his knowledge; thirdly, he must be patient with the mistakes and the ignorance of others, and must put up with difficulties; fourthly, he must know every word that he teaches, its derivation, and how to use it; fifthly, he must be hard-working and diligent. If he has not these qualifications he cannot be a teacher.” He replied, “Very well, for I have been looking for a teacher for a long time, as I want to study the Malay language; and three Malays came here to be my teacher, and asked for employment; so I asked them several Malay words from this book, and they replied, ‘This is not the Malay language, it is the language of the Europeans.’ The next day another man came, who also wanted to be my teacher, and I asked him, ‘Have you studied the Malay language?’ He replied, ‘Why should I study it, sir, for it is my own language; this is the first time I ever heard of studying the Malay language.’ So I replied, ‘If you have not studied, how can you teach others?’ He made no reply, but went out, and did not even say, ‘Good-bye,’ being angry because I said that. Then yesterday another man came to be my teacher, an old man, saying that he had been a teacher for dozens of years; so I asked him, ‘Teacher, how many sounds are there in the Malay language?’ He answered, ‘Who could count them? there are tens of thousands.’ I laughed to hear such a foolish answer, and said, ‘How can you be a teacher, not knowing the sounds in the Malay language?’ Then he was angry, and said, ‘My hair is white, but I never heard anyone ask about the sounds of the Malay language;’ so he went home. So now I want to ask you how many sounds there are in the Malay language?” I replied, “Sir, you have asked such an old man, and he could not answer; I am only a lad, and how could I know?” He said, “Try and think.” I answered, “I suppose there are only three sounds in the Malay language, sir.” He said, “what are they?” I replied, “Above, below and in front.” He asked, “what does that mean?” I replied, “Those are the names of the vowel points in the Arabic language, or in the Koran; *Fathah* is the stroke above, *Kasrah* is the stroke below, and *Dhammah* is the stroke in front.

Since the Malays do not use the Arabic signs, they put *Alif* instead of *Fathah*, and *Ya* instead of *Kasrah*, and *Wau* instead of *Dhammah*, giving the sounds *a*, *i*, and *u*." He said, "That is correct." That very day he made an agreement, saying, "Come here every day and teach me, beginning at ten o'clock, and at one o'clock you can go home; and during that time I will read English with you and teach you the language, and I will pay you ten dollars." I replied, "Very well, sir." Moreover he said, "After a while many of my companions will come, and they will all study the Malay language; and I shall be very glad when you know English, so that we can easily study Malay, and can become proficient at the same time."

That very day I wrote the Malay alphabet, and began to teach him, and he gave me a book called "Spelling book," in which he taught me the English letters and their sounds. So every day I went and taught him, and afterwards he taught me. This continued for about three or four months, and he then knew the characters and could read a little, but he could not yet read fluently; similarly I was able to spell two or three words. Then Mr. Milne began to learn the Cantonese dialect of Chinese, and a Chinese teacher called Li Sien Sing began to come; and he also became friendly with me. He was very anxious to learn Malay, and I wanted to learn Chinese, and so every day he taught me, and I taught him; as the Malay proverb says: "Drinking while driving;" for it seemed to me better to know than to be ignorant. Many people told me not to do so, saying, "What is the good of learning the language of those infidels?" I paid no attention to all that, for I knew they were foolish; if I did not learn while I was young, what should I be like when I was old? I should certainly regret it.

I noticed that Mr. Milne had those qualities and actions which indicate a man of wisdom; everything that he said was spoken gently and with a pleasant face; even if he was angry, he was still pleasant; also he was naturally very diligent in all his studies, and very careful; if we taught him anything this month and asked him next month, he would answer correctly.

Whilst I was thus teaching and studying, the Reverend Mr. Thomsen came from Batavia to Malacca, bringing his wife with

him; and he lived behind the house in which Mr. Milne lived. One day Mr. Milne said to me, "A new clergyman has come, and wants to study the Malay language: I have told him I have a teacher who can instruct him. Go and see him now at four o'clock: he wants to meet you." I replied, "Very well, sir." At four o'clock I went, and he told me to come in and sit down, saying, "You are Mr. Milne's teacher?" I answered, "Yes, sir." He said, "If you will teach me, I want to learn." I replied, "I do not know how, sir; but if you wish to learn, I will teach you." He laughed and said, "I have heard your name, there was a gentleman at Batavia who told me; your name is Abdullah." I answered, "Yes, sir." "Did you work for Mr. Raffles?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," I replied. "Did he give you a letter?" "Yes, sir, he did." Then he said, "Tomorrow morning please bring that letter, I should like to see it." I told him I would, and then said goodbye, and went back to Mr. Milne. As I went I thought to myself after hearing Mr. Thomsen speaking that his pronunciation was like that of a Dutchman, and whatever he said sounded in his throat; so I thought, if this gentleman wants to learn the Malay language, it will be very difficult to correct his pronunciation, and he will acquire it slowly, because it is difficult for him to pronounce the words. I kept all this to myself, but it seemed to me that he was not an Englishman. When I came to Mr. Milne, he said, "Did you see him?" I replied, "Yes, sir." He asked, "What did he say?" I told him all that Mr. Thomsen had said, and Mr. Milne said, "Very well, tomorrow you can go to him." I then said, "Sir, what nationality is he?" He replied, "English: why do you ask?" I said, "I do not think he is English." He said, "How can you tell?" I answered, "Because I recognize his pronunciation as not being English." Then he laughed, and said, "Even the Malays are quick to distinguish the English from other races: you are right, he is not English; he is a German." I was surprised to hear that, for in all my life I had never heard that there was a nationality called German; so I said, "Are they Eurasians, sir?" He said, "No, the Europeans are all alike, but each race has a different name." I said, "Sir, it will be very difficult for that man to learn the Malay language, for his tongue has a difficulty in pronouncing

any of our words." He replied, "Never mind, everyone is like that at first."

At ten o'clock the next day I brought to Mr. Thomsen the letter which Mr. Raffles had given me, and when he had read it, he showed it to his wife, and his wife smiled as she read it. He then said, "You can be my teacher, for Mr. Milne is now learning the Chinese language, and he does not want to study Malay; but I want to learn Malay only, and to attain proficiency." I smiled when I heard him talk like that. Besides which he said, "This Malay language is very easy to learn, in two years one can be quite proficient." When he was saying this, he used only one word of Malay to ten words of English, and his servant explained it to me. I thought to myself, this is a queer way to think, everything easy! and it does not occur to him that merely to correct this pronunciation two years will not be sufficient. But I answered, "If you can be proficient in three months I shall be very glad, for I shall get a good reputation; but I will tell Mr. Milne, and I will do what he says." I said goodbye, and returned to Mr. Milne, telling him all that had transpired, and he said, "Very well, now come and teach me every day, perhaps one or two hours, and afterwards go and teach him, and he will teach you English, because he wants to study Malay; I am learning Chinese, and therefore I have no time to study the Malay language; he will pay you fifteen dollars, and I will pay five." I replied, "Very well, sir." So every day I went and taught Mr. Thomsen and Mr. Milne.

I noticed that there was a great difference between Mr. Milne's disposition and that of Mr. Thomsen, for Mr. Milne would do what I said in correcting his words or spellings or expressions or his reading, and the way of using words; but Mr. Thomsen would not, but would argue, saying, "That is not right, this is right;" and perhaps he would go as far as to get angry. He acted as the Malays say, "The rain returning to the sky;" just as if he wanted to teach me. I was astonished to see this disposition in a man, to claim that he alone is clever. He would even say that the dictionary was wrong; and that was because he was determined to use the three letters *alif*, *vau* and *ya*, and insisted on putting those three letters in every word without fail, saying, that all the Malays were wrong

because they left out so many of those three letters; for instance, he insisted on putting the letter *ya* in *jikalau*, and *alif* in *dengan*, etc., etc. But he did not know the force of those three letters, or the rules for using them in the Arabic language. They are called *huruf madd*, meaning, "long letters." If they were spelt as he wished, all such words in the Malay language ought to have the sign *madd*, for that is the rule in orthography. Moreover where words ought to be joined he separated them, and where they ought to be separated he joined them; so it seemed to me that this man did not want to learn the Malay language, but to destroy it. He told me to write in that way, but I would not do so, for that was contrary to what I had learned and knew. When he wanted to compel me to do so, I replied, "Sir that is not correct, and I will not write it; you must look for someone else." So he became more and more angry, and said, "How can you take my pay if you will not do what I tell you?" I replied, "Sir, I do not take your pay for doing things wrong; afterwards people will see it, and of course they will say that I am an ignorant teacher and do not understand anything; therefore I should be ashamed to get a bad name. You must look for someone else." So I said goodbye, and went home.

After I had gone home he went to tell Mr. Milne, saying, "I told Abdullah to write, and he went away and left it, and would not do so." The next day when I went to teach Mr. Milne, he said, "Why did you not want to do what Mr. Thomsen told you yesterday? You left his work." When I heard what Mr. Milne said, I felt vexed, and said, "As long as I have taught you, sir, was there ever any argument, or have I refused to do what you told me? It was because Mr. Thomsen wanted to be the teacher of the Malay language, and wished to make new customs, and throw away all that the Malays write, and make a different system of spelling with his own ingenuity." Mr. Milne said, "Did not I tell you that you must have a little patience?" I replied, "How can I do what he says? He wants to change the whole Malay system of writing. Please go and compare my writing with that of the dictionary, is it the same or different?" Mr. Milne went to Mr. Thomsen's house and compared the writing, and a minute later Mr. Milne came back smiling, and said, "This writing of yours is the same, in his writ-

ing there are additions; and Mr. Thomsen says the dictionary is wrong, for it follows the Malay custom of spelling incorrectly!" I replied, "Mr. Marsden is well known at the present time as an expert, and so he made the dictionary, which is being used in all Malay countries; now if he says the dictionary is wrong, much more I myself! certainly I am wrong; and if so, let him look for some clever fellow who will teach him." Mr. Milne said, "Let him try and look for someone else; by and by he will come to his senses." So for six days I did not go to him, and four or five men went to be his teachers, and he questioned them and showed them my writing, and told them to read it to him, and asked them, "Are these words and spellings and combinations correct?" All of them said that they were correct. He then showed them what he had done himself, and not one of them could read it, and they all asked, "From what country is this writing?" He replied, "This is the correct spelling, and the other is wrong." Some of them stayed a week, and some half a month, and then all of them left him.

The Rev. Mr. Milne had acquired a piece of land and a house, located just outside the Těrangkera gate. This place was originally owned by the former harbour-master at Malacca, named Mr. Alam, and when he went away he left as his agent Tambi Ahmad Sab, who was a well-known Tamil man at Malacca. This is the place where the Anglo-Chinese College now is at Malacca. Mr. Milne made the following plan, he bought land at Hujung Pasir, and exchanged it for the piece of land which I have mentioned. The width of this land was about thirty or forty fathoms (180-240'), and in length it extended as far as the river, I do not know how many thousands of fathoms; but the house was an old one. Mr. Milne removed from the Fort to that place. At that time his twins, named William and Robert, were very bright, and with his daughter named Celia there were three children. I continued going there every day to teach him, and I made great friends with his two little boys, and took them every day to my home, and often they would eat and drink at my house; in that way both of them became very fond of me, and I also was very fond of them.

Mr. Milne's wife was a fine woman, and knew how to win people's hearts, and she was courteous, and had a pleasant face,

and was generous to all the poor. She had a Chinese woman as a servant to sew her clothes and those of her children. One day this Chinese woman came to Mr. Milne's wife, and said, "Last night my child at home was possessed by evil spirits (*puntianak dan polong*), and nearly died." Mrs. Milne did not understand the words *puntianak* and *polong*, and though the Chinese woman tried to explain in various ways with her hands and mouth, still she did not understand; so they both came to the room where I was writing, and said, "What is the meaning of *puntianak* and *polong*?" I laughed and explained clearly to Mr. Milne all the names of ghosts and devils which the Chinese and Malays believe in, a foolish and senseless belief, handed down from their forefathers of olden times, which still remains until now; I do not know how many of them there are, and can neither count them nor explain their meanings, but I will briefly mention them: *hantu, shaitan, polong, puntianak, pēnanggalan, jin, pēlēsit, mumbang, hantu pēmburu, hantu rimba, jadi-jadian, hantu bungkus, bota, gergasi, raksasa, nenek kēbayan, hembasan, sawan, hantu mati di-bunuh, bajang, kētēguran, sampokkan, pupokkan, afrit, jēmbalang, terkēna ubat guna*; besides which there are many kinds of magic which I cannot remember, such as: *gagah, pēnundok, pēngaseh, kēbal, kēsaktian, tuju, alimun, pēndēras pērapoh, chucha, pēlalai, pērangsang*, etc., and I do not know how many more. People believe in all those which I have mentioned, and some have their teachers and schools, and others their doctors who know certain kinds of sickness and the appropriate medicine. Now each of these is supposed to be the source of some peril to mankind.

When Mr. Milne heard that, he was amazed, and said, "Do you know the history of all those?" I replied, "Sir, if I were to explain all of these things it would make a great book, and the book would contain nothing but foolish and senseless things which are of no advantage, and which men of intelligence do not like to hear, and only laugh at." He said, "All right, please tell just the story of the *pēnanggalan*: I want to hear it, and I will write it in English, in order that Europeans may know how foolish the people are who believe in such things." I then drew the picture of a woman, the head only as far as the neck, with the entrails dangling down. Mr.

Milne had a Chinese man make a cut of that picture in wood, and printed the story in a magazine called "Anglo-Chinese Gleaner." I said to him, "Now sir, listen to the story of the *Pēnanggalan*: It was originally a woman, who used the devils' arts, which she believed in and practiced day and night, until the time agreed upon with her teacher that she should fly, and her neck came off, and hung with the entrails dangling down, and the body remained in its place. Now wherever there are people whom she wishes to molest, her head with the entrails flies away, and goes to suck people's blood; and the people die who are thus sucked. Now if the blood and water which drip from her entrails strike anyone, serious sickness is caused, so that the body breaks out. The *pēnanggalan* likes to drink the blood of women in child-birth, and for this reason the custom is in any house when a woman gives birth to a child to hang the leaves of the *jēruju* plant on the doors and windows of the house, or to put thorns in the vessel where there is blood, for fear the blood should be sucked by the *pēnanggalan*, for it is said that the *pēnanggalan* is very much afraid of thorns, for fear they might catch on her entrails. For there is a story that the *pēnanggalan* came to a person's house in the middle of the night to suck blood, and its entrails caught on the thorns of this person's fence, so that it remained there until daylight, when people saw it and killed it. Now in the house of a person who is a *pēnanggalan*, vinegar is kept in some vessel or jar, for the purpose of soaking the entrails in the vinegar, because when the entrails come out of the body they swell up and cannot get in again, but when soaked in vinegar the entrails shrink and will then go in. Now the majority of people who have seen the *pēnanggalan* flying with its entrails dangling state that the entrails shine at night like fire-flies. This is the story of the *pēnanggalan* as I have heard it told by old people, but I do not in the least believe it, God forbid.

"The *polong* is said to originate by taking the blood of a murdered person, and putting it in a bottle, and then worshipping and repeating some charm that one has learned. Some people say the worship must be continued seven days, and others say twice seven days, until there is a sound in the bottle like the sound of young birds: then the person's finger must be cut and put in the bottle,

and the *polong* will suck it. Now the man who keeps it is its father, and if it is a woman who keeps it, she is its mother. Every day they give it their blood to suck, and the object of doing this is to attain some purpose, as for instance, if they are angry with anyone, they tell the *polong* to go and attack that person, that is to make the person sick. Or if some one else has a grudge against anyone, he will go quietly to the person who keeps the *polong* and give so much money, telling him to send the *polong* to the person against whom he has a grudge; that is the purpose that they have. Now the person who is attacked by the *polong*, whether it be a girl, or somebody's wife, or a man, he will cry out without knowing what he is doing, tearing and throwing away his clothes, and madly biting and striking people, and sometimes doing all sorts of things. Then someone who is expert in curing such things is called, and that person comes and repeats charms over the person's head, or pinches the thumb, applying medicine, and if it is the proper medicine, the sick person will cry out saying, "Let me go. I want to go home;" and the doctor will answer, "I will not let you go unless you tell me who sent you here, and why you came, and who is your mother, and who is your father." Sometimes it will be silent, being unwilling to confess or say who is its father and mother, but at other times it will confess, saying, "Let me go; my father is so and so, who lives at such and such a village; and my mother's name is so and so; and the reason why I came is because so and so came to my parents asking for help, and gave them so much money, because they had a grudge against this person;" or it may give some other reason. Occasionally it tells a lie, and mentions someone who does not exist, wishing to conceal the name of its father and mother. When they know the name of the person who sent it, and the reason, they let it go, and immediately the sick person becomes conscious and is well again, but complains of feeling ill and weak. In some cases when the *polong* has attacked a person, he will not confess, but the person attacked cries out in pain, and after a day or two like that will die. And when he dies, the blood will come out of his mouth in floods, and the whole body will be dark blue."

Mr. Milne said, "I will translate this story of the *pēnanggalan*

into English, and then I will print it in the "Gleaner." And he laughed and said, "The people who believe such things as that are very stupid indeed."

Most of the people here of different races believe all sorts of things which do not exist, and they waste a great deal of money to pay people who do false and senseless things, with various objects, some in order that people may love them, others desire that people will do whatever they say, others desire some woman, and some want to kill their enemies, etc. Formerly I also believed all these things, and was afraid, because from my childhood I had heard of such things, and people had frightened me. Now all this comes from our forefathers. But since I have obtained some little education and intelligence, and have read books, and especially have associated with intelligent people, that is with Europeans, I now know that all of that is false and a great swindle.

Moral: I am an ignorant and uneducated person, but it seems to me that people ought not to believe in the *polong* and *pěnanng-galan* and all the things which I have mentioned, for all these affairs originated in the minds of people who had no faith in God or the Prophet, and moreover did not know God's ways, that He alone has power over everything which can bring good or evil. If we should believe that there is anyone else who can bring anything to pass, then there must be someone besides God; all of that is false and a lie. For this reason such people are feeling their way here and there, and believe this and that, like a blind man who has lost his stick. For some time past I have tried several times, and have spent a good deal of my money, and have taken some pains to find out the truth about the various kinds of magic which I have mentioned, and have gone so far as to be intimate with the people who do these things, but I swear by God that I was unable to discover the truth or proof of these magic arts, or any place to which I could pin my faith; but in a thousand times, only once would it happen, and though it did happen, it was not by the power of the devils, but because of the convictions and faith of the person who prayed, God opened the way for what they desired. I found indeed that to do such things is just the same as when people worship idols, and we know for certain that idols are earth and stone, or

wood, or gold and silver, which have no power to do good or evil to mankind; but because of the convictions and faith of those who worship them, God opens the way for that they desire, and those stupid people imagine that the idol did it. So it is with all the ghosts and devils which I have mentioned, I find in them lies and deceit and tricks and slight of hand, and therefore I dare to swear by the name of God, and say that these things are not right, and there is nothing but evil in them in this world and the next. Now those who believe and those who do and those who approve such things incur the same penalty for duplicating God: for there is certainly none other besides God who can cause good or evil, and can kill and make alive, and can bring any danger or joy to His servants; and if there were anyone else who had power besides Him, this world would immediately perish with all that is therein.

I will now return to my story concerning Mr. Milne. A few days after he removed to his new house, Mr. Thomsen also moved and came there; but he had no teacher, for no one dared to go near him, for they knew his disposition. So he came to Mr. Milne, requesting him to ask me to teach him. When Mr. Thomsen came downstairs, he met me on the stairs and greeted me. I immediately replied to his greeting, and he said, "Are you angry with me?" I replied, "No sir, are you well?" "Quite well," he said. When I met Mr. Milne, he said, "Mr. Thomsen has just gone down, he asked me to get you to teach him again." I replied, "Sir, has he finished sending for all the clever men in this town? and now why does he send for me? I beg that you will excuse me, for I am very much afraid that there will be arguments every day." Mr. Milne answered, "I told him so, but he said that he now understands his mistake, and will do as you say." I answered, "Sir, get him to promise faithfully that he will not be the judge of my language, but let him follow what I teach; if I teach him wrong, I will accept the blame." Mr. Milne wrote all that I said in a letter and said, "Take this letter to Mr. Thomsen's room." So I took the letter to Mr. Thomsen, and when he read it, he said, "Teach me once more, and I will follow what you think is correct." I replied, "Very well, as long as you do not make trouble with me as you did before; I cannot stand that." He replied, "Very well."

That very day I began to teach Mr. Thomsen again, and continued for a long time, about six or seven years. I noticed that his disposition was very much changed from what it was before, but though this change had taken place, it took him a long time to understand the Malay idiom, and his original pronunciation still remained a little. Whatever he wanted to translate from English into Malay, his tendency was to follow exactly the English idiom, simply exchanging Malay words for the English ones, and such work is very awkward in the Malay language. That being the case, many times did I argue with him to prevent his doing so, but he did not learn the way. This was the only work I had, every day translating from English into Malay, and from Malay into English, and correcting Mr. Thomsen's mistakes in conversation and in composition. When he saw that his composition had a great many mistakes, he just told me the meaning, and I wrote it in the Malay language.

One day he said, "Please make a collection of words in the Malay language, and I will write the English words, so that we can make a book of the Malay and English languages, so that it will be easy for Englishmen who wish to learn Malay, and for Malays to learn English." I replied, "Very well, sir;" and then I diligently sought out the words and arranged them by subjects, such as, heaven, earth, the moon, the sun, and so forth, until after about a month I had got all the words, about two thousand, all under their heads and subjects, and showed them to him. He was much pleased, and said, "This is what I want;" and then he put in the English. The reason why I took so much trouble to make such a book, was that I wanted to learn the English. This book was called in English "Vocabulary," and at first it was only in manuscript, and had not yet been printed, for at that time the type had not yet come to Malacca, and I had not yet seen what it looked like.

A short time after Mr. Milne had moved to that house, Dr. Morrison came to Malacca, and lived with Mr. Milne. Mr. Morrison was engaged in studying and writing the Chinese language day and night incessantly; and he wrote it with a Chinese pen. I believe that at that time there was no European more proficient

than Mr. Morrison in the Chinese language and writing; even Mr. Milne learned from him. The only slight difference was that he wore English clothes; if he had dressed in Chinese style, no one would have known that he was a European. The reason why I say this is that his way of acting and speaking and his manner and all the things in his house were just like the Chinese. I was surprised to see how we human beings can acquire whatever we accustom ourselves to; for this reason it is fitting that all wise men should accustom themselves to good things, and then they will acquire what is good, and may hope to continue therein. Mr. Morrison appeared to me like a man of wisdom, and very skilful in winning people's affections; when he spoke, it was with gentleness, and he gave much good advice. From him I obtained much instruction in the English language, and in the art of translating from one language into another; and I studied with him the Gospel of Matthew in the English language with a commentary. He told me that originally the Gospel was in the Hebrew language, and after some time it was translated into the English language, and much of the meaning is lacking in the English, because the English language is not so rich as the Hebrew, for this reason he said that whoever wishes to translate that book into any language ought to know the original language, and if not he is sure to have a great deal of trouble and arguments with the teachers of that language. Moreover he explained to me the meaning of a number of unusual English words which I found in those books.

A few days after that, another clergyman came, named Mr. Slater, who had white hair; and after that there came another one, named Mr. Ince, who was a young man and good looking and very well educated. The latter brought a kind of apparatus made by clever people in Europe, and which had a great deal of mechanism; there was a wheel of glass, and if some medicine is put on the wheel and it is then made to revolve quickly, if we put our hands near it while it is revolving, fire will come out of our hands. He also attached to it two brass chains connected with the wheel, and then he told me and the Chinese teacher, named Li Sin Sing, both of us to hold the brass chains; we did not know what was going to happen, thinking that he merely asked us to help him. A

moment later I was suddenly alarmed, feeling as if I should become unconscious, and very much afraid; so much so that owing to a feeling of weakness in my limbs I sat down in great amazement, thinking that I was dead. If I had known that this was how it was, even if he had given me a hundred dollars I would not have hold the chains. The Chinese teacher's condition cannot be described, he nearly fainted, and could not speak, his face being as pale as that of a corpse. Mr. Milne and Mr. Ince roared with laughter to see the condition we were in, and said, "Don't be afraid, it is nothing; this is only a kind of medicine." Now the name of the power in this machine is in the English language "electricity."

It was Mr. Ince also who brought some small stones of a white colour, the size of gravel, and these stones he melted in a flame using a strong blast, so that it became liquid like gruel, then he poured it into any shape he desired, and it became glass. By Mr. Milne's orders Mr. Ince was employed as a teacher to instruct the boys in speaking and reading and writing the English language, and it was with him that I read English grammar.

A few days later Mr. Medhurst came, bringing his wife and a step-son named George. His wife was not born in Europe, but was born of English parentage in Bengal or in South India; I know that because she spoke the Tamil language well; and it appeared to me if I am not mistaken that the wife was older than her husband. Mr. Medhurst was exceedingly diligent in applying himself to his studies, and was skilled in the art of printing, and so forth. When he first came to Malacca, Mr. Milne told me to instruct him in the Malay language and in reading, and after he had learned for a short time, he was able to read and speak a little. While he was doing this, he also began to study the Chinese language. I saw that he had a very clever mind and a good head, so that he rapidly acquired whatever he studied. After that Mr. Beighton came to Malacca, and Mr. Milne told me to teach him also the Malay language; but after he had studied for a short time he sailed for Penang. That same month there arrived the appliances for printing, and a press, and printers; the foreman was named Mr. Huttman, and there were six Bengalee men with him who worked as

printers; the name of one of the compositors, a middle aged man, was Addington, and there was a young man named Waugh. There was Malay type which came at the same time, and that was the first time in my life that I saw what type was like, and the appliances, and the press: so that when I saw these things, I was greatly amazed in my mind to see the skill and cleverness of human beings in making all these things so accurately: and I praised God, saying, "If the creatures are so clever, how much more the Creator!"

When the box containing the type arrived, Mr. Milne told me to pick out all the letters, and separate them from one another. Then he told me to make a plan, showing how to make the divisions of the type cases; so I drew the plan as well as I could for the Chinese carpenter. After that it was Mr. Medhurst first of all who taught me how to set the type, and how to hold the composing stick, and how to impose the type on the stone, in order that after printing the paper could be folded without mistake, one page following another correctly. For three or four months I learned all that work, and was then able to do it myself without any further assistance: and as I went on I understood more and more of all the mysteries of the work, both in regard to the mistakes that could be made in the press work, or in composing type, or in the quantity of ink used.

That which Mr. Milne told me to print first in the Malay language was the Ten Commandments given by God to the prophet Moses on Mount Sinai: when that was finished, then we printed the two thousand words in the Malay and English languages, called Vocabulary: and when that also was done, Mr. Thomsen said, "Let us try and make an arithmetic book in the English language, and we will translate it into Malay, in order that the boys in school may easily study it." I replied, "Very well, sir, for there is no arithmetic book in the Malay language, and I should be very glad if there was one." That very day I began to translate the book called "Arithmetic" into the Malay language. I worked alternate days, one day I went to translate it into Malay, and the next I went to set it up in the printing office: in this way the book was finished, but there were not enough figures, for a great many English figures had to be used. After that Mr. Thomsen taught me how

to make letters or figures, namely, by filing the steel punch to the desired shape: and when it has been made as we desire, then it must be tempered, and after that beaten into copper, and that copper is then put into the mould for casting type, and we can cast as many as we want, afterwards cutting the feet of the type with the proper instrument so that they may be level, and not high and low. Now the metal of which the type is made is not ordinary tin: it is zinc, and is mixed with other things in order that it may be brittle. Now all the work which I have mentioned I was able to do by myself by the mercy of God; and it was I who made all the figures and letters which were deficient at that time. After that a great many books were printed in Malay characters, such as a book of conversations with a washerman, and a shoemaker, and so forth, in English and Malay: also a book called "Bustan Arifin," in English "Magazine:" also several other books for the use of the children in school, and stories translated from the English into the Malay language: I will not give the names of these books, because it would lengthen my task. At that time both my hands were full of work, in teaching those gentlemen the Malay language, and in casting the type, and setting it up. So I asked Mr. Thomsen for another man to whom I could teach this work, because I myself did not have time; and he replied, "Very well, you can teach a Portuguese boy, named Michael." With a great deal of trouble, I taught him, because he was dull, and he did not know the letters; however, after six or seven months he understood a little, and was able to set type in a desultory way, but it was a great trouble to do the proofreading.

While this was going on, Mr. Milne received orders from his society to erect a building for the College, as it now stands at Malacca. It was very difficult to erect a building, because the compound was full of cocoanut trees, all of which were cut down, several hundreds of them: and a great many workmen were employed.

Most of the wood which was used in the building was *merbau*. When all the materials were ready, one morning at six o'clock Mr. Milne invited all the officials at Malacca and all the Europeans, about fifty or sixty in all: when they were assembled, each of them

put a dollar under the door, about seventy or eighty dollars, in a stone with a hole in it. All these gentlemen set up the door, and Mr. Milne came and slapped the door, crying out the name of the building, "Anglo-Chinese College," and that is the name of the building for ever. After that was done they all went home. It took about a year or more to complete the building, and I do not know how many tens of thousands of dollars were spent. Mr. Milne then removed to the new house, and the old house was pulled down, and the place was levelled as a court yard for the new building.

At that time there were a great many Chinese and Portuguese and Malay children studying in the College, and about as many as ten children had become proficient in reading and writing the English language. It was then for the first time that a number of people at Malacca learned to speak the English language. All the people in Malacca of Dutch descent changed their customs and their language, and both in dress and in speech the men and women all followed the English customs.

Dozens of times those gentlemen told me to look for Malay children, and call them so that they might come and study, and might know how to read and write both Malay and English, but they would not come, because they were so stupid as to think that they would be made Christians, for they had the idea that they could be taken by force and made Christians. A great many times I tried to persuade them, telling them, "The English have no desire to drive anyone into their religion if that person himself does not wish; but their desire is that you may learn and know your own language and the English language, and afterwards it will be very useful, and if you become proficient you can all easily earn your living; moreover you can learn arithmetic, and would not that be useful to all of you? If you do not know arithmetic, how can you do business or buy and sell? I gave them much other advice, but they paid no attention; and the more I spoke to them, the more suspicious they became of me, thinking that I wished to injure them, until they became envious of me in their hearts, and they went quietly and stirred up my father, telling him to warn me not to go and learn the English language, saying, "He will follow

the English customs and he will lose his religion." So my father was angry with me, and forbade me, saying, "I do not like your going to learn the English language and their writings, for there are no Mohammedans who learn that; and a great many people say that it is not good employment, and is destructive to religion." When I heard him say that, I bowed my head and my tears came, and I thought, "Where does this trouble come from. It is very stupid. For such a long time my father has wanted me to be clever, and now he is angry with me because I want to learn what is good." So I answered, "Father, why do you forbid my studying?" He said, "Because a great many people tell me that you will be ruined by learning English and following the teaching of the Europeans." I answered, "Ought we not to follow good customs, and abandon evil ones? if from being ignorant we become clever, can that be called ruin? Please do not listen to what those stupid people say, for they are all envious of me because I urge that their children should study; would it not be better to study than to sit idly without gaining any advantage?" My father answered, "You are now so clever at talking that I cannot compete with you: formerly when you were little I could teach you, but now you want to teach me. You think I am afraid of you." I replied, "Not merely a full-grown man like me, but even if I were a prince you might beat me." When he heard that he went indoors to look for a rope and a rattan with which to beat me; but when I saw that my father was very angry, I ran quickly and threw myself at his feet. That was the way with my father, however angry he might be, if I went and ask pardon kneeling at his feet, his anger passed away. So he said, "Don't go and learn English; I will get you a place with some merchants who are selling cloth, and you can learn how to trade." I replied, "That would be good, but I beg you, father, to let me study a little longer, until I can get the benefit of it." Even so I continued to go and study, and I told Mr. Milne and Mr. Thomsen all about the way in which people had stirred up my father; and they replied, "Don't be afraid, we will go and see your father this very afternoon." In the afternoon Mr. Milne and Mr. Thomsen went to my home and saw my father, and said to him, "Do not worry about your son

Abdullah: we will take good care of him. Do not listen to what those stupid people say, for he will be proficient both in English and Malay if he studies a little longer. He is the only man amongst the Malacca people whom we have found to have the idea of studying, or who could be a teacher of the Malay language. By and by you will know the great value of his accomplishment." From that day this idea got into my father's heart, and he was no longer angry because of my studying.

All the people who had tried to disturb my father were ashamed, but there was nothing more that they could do, for their desire did not come to pass. All of them were doing nothing but eat and sleep, having no occupation, while God gave me plenty to eat, and every month I received money as well as instruction. They were more and more spiteful because I was teaching all the clergymen and the English people in Malacca the Malay language, and was explaining it in English; but they did not find any way to do anything to me, so they called me by the name of the Rev. Abdullah, thinking that it would be a shame and disgrace to me, moreover they reviled me because I was friendly with the Europeans, and thought that my teaching them our language was a sin. Now it appeared to me that their anger and spite was because they were foolish, while I was wise; were those foolish fellows capable of teaching the clergymen or the Europeans? Without doubt only an educated person could do so. I ask pardon of all those who read this story of mine, for I do not wish to praise myself as being clever, for I am very far from any reputation for cleverness; as the Malays say, "If there is no rattan, even a mere vine is useful:" moreover the Malays say, "Wherever there is no eagle, the grasshopper says, I am an eagle:" and so it is with me. Now though all those people were spiteful and envious, I did not pay any attention: as the Malays' proverb says, "However many dogs may bark at a hill, will it fall down?" And again, "If a tree is firm and has plenty of roots, why should it fear the storm?"

After I had been working for those gentlemen for six or seven years, my knowledge was greatly increased, and I had translated a great many English books into the Malay language, besides which

I had revised many books which had been written by them. But every day they grumbled at me, saying, "Why do you not marry? It is not good for you to remain single like this, because your parents are old; and two or three times they have told us that they wished to get you married, but you were not willing." I replied, "Sir, how can I marry? for I have no money, and you yourselves can see that my house is delapidated, so how could I have the marriage ceremony?" Mr. Milne said, "Don't you be afraid, whatever the expenses of your wedding may be I will give, and we will repair your house a little as a place for the marriage ceremony." They immediately sent for my father, and when he came, Mr. Milne said, "Please make arrangements for marrying Abdullah." My father replied, "I am much obliged to you, sir, day and night I have no other thought in my mind, and this a constant worry to me; because he is my only son, and I and my wife are old, so I am very anxious to see him married, and many times I have wanted to make the arrangements, but he was unwilling." Mr. Milne said, "Now I have spoken to him, and he is willing, so make the arrangements quickly."

When my father went home, within six or seven days he settled the arrangements for the wedding, for I had been engaged to be married for two years. When it was settled, my father came and told those gentlemen, and Mr. Milne and Mr. Thomsen came to my house, and they called a Chinese carpenter and told him to repair my house; they told him to repair whatever needed it, and to bring some furniture from their house. When the house was ready, they gave my father fifty dollars for the marriage ceremony. Then those people who had a grudge against me were pale with envy, seeing that the clergymen themselves came to my house to supervise the workmen. After that my father called together all our relatives, and my older brothers from Sungai Bharu. When they had all come together, I gave two hundred dollars into my father's hands, and all my relatives spent money as they pleased, but my father spent most of all, because he was so glad about his only son.

On the night when the preliminary henna ceremony ceased, Mr. Milne with fifteen European gentlemen and their wives came to eat at my house; all the tables and chairs and men who waited

on table were theirs, and I only bore the expense of the food. All kinds of food were laid on the table, such as four roasted capons, and four fried ducks, and a sheep cooked in the Tamil way, chicken soup, and vegetables, such as cabbage and eggs, and egg plants boiled whole, and all kinds of the best condiments and fruits; the rice was in Kabuli style, and there were also cakes, and candied fruits of all kinds. The upstairs rooms had been furnished with all kinds of decorations, such as a ceiling cloth with painted decorations, and curtains of fine cloth. They all sat down to eat and drink and enjoy themselves. At that time many people were still more vexed to see me invite Europeans to my house, but I did not care; as the Malays say, "Whoever digs a hole is the one who will fall into it." I also sat and ate with them, and after eating, perfumes were provided. Each of them thanked me, and wished to go and see my wife, so Mr. Milne took all of them to my wife's house, and when they met her, each of them greeted her. That was the first time that my wife had ever seen English people, and after that she was no longer afraid of them or awkward like other women, who, when they see English people run away helter-skelter not knowing how to act; but in this case these were all the best kind of people and knew how to act politely and respectfully.

After we were married, Mr. Milne used to come to my house every four or five days to see my wife, and both of us felt towards Mr. Milne as if he were our father, and if I did anything wrong my wife complained about it to him; and I just the same, whatever my wife did wrong I complained to him, and he came and instructed us and gave us advice. For this reason my wife and I were always very affectionate until the time came when she bore our first child; people thought that she would die, for she had very hard labor: Mr. Milne came and brought Dr. Chalmers, and God enabled him to give medicine and attend to her until both child and mother were well.

After my marriage, Mr. Milne gave me a holiday for a month, and I did not go and study or work, but if there was any printing work he sent for me to look after it for a moment, and whatever was wrong I corrected, after which he told me immediately to go home. This was the way with that good man, who knew how to

win men's hearts, and had consideration for others, which is what I call good. Mr. Milne was very kind and thoughtful, besides being helpful and affectionate, and all of this I carry on my head as a sign of homage, until the day of my death I shall not be able to reward him in full, but may God give sevenfold blessings to his descendants, and this is the debt which I carry: as the Malay proverb says, "A debt of gold can be paid, but a debt of gratitude must be carried until death."

At that time Mr. Milne was the head of the College, and neither Mr. Thomsen nor any of the other gentlemen was able to do anything of his own accord without Mr. Milne's knowledge. In the meanwhile a few days later Mr. Milne had a son, who was given the name of Farquhar by the Resident, Mr. Farquhar. Not long after that a serious thing happened, for Mr. Milne's wife died, and was buried in the Fort. Now I noticed that after the death of his wife Mr. Milne gave way to grief, and took less interest in his studies and his teaching, so that not long afterwards he himself fell ill with consumption, and his illness continually increased until he was very thin and had a chronic disease. The doctor said, "Every day you must go out to sea, and drink plenty of salt water;" so he did this every day, and took me with him, and sometimes he would vomit because of the quantity of salt water which he drank. I constantly took care of him in his sickness, and the disease continually increased, until he also died. But when he was about to die, he gave instructions to Dr. Chalmers, saying, "When I am dead, cut open my chest, and see." So after he was dead, the doctor opened up his chest, and found that his liver was full of holes like a bee's nest; moreover in his liver he found two or three stones the size of *kédili* beans. At that time my grief was such as I cannot describe, as if my own father were dead; and my wife still more so, weeping incessantly for seven or eight days, thinking of the goodness of Mr. Milne. But what more can I say: His appointed time had come.

I continued to teach Mr. Thomsen regularly, and he became the head of the College for a short time. But not very long after, Mr. Thomsen planned to return to Europe, so as to take his wife home, for she was always ill; so he left me to look after all his work, and in the printing office he handed everything over to me.

After about sixteen or seventeen months, Mr. Thomsen came back to Malacca, saying that his wife had died at sea, about four or five days before he reached England. When he came, he brought with him a great many tools, such as files and gravers, etc., all of which were tools for making type: and because we had all those tools, I worked at the type the more industriously.

I noticed the way Mr. Thomsen did when he wanted to translate the English language into Malay, he was very skilful in substituting, and was no longer as he had been before, for he had returned to his old custom. I found fault with him for all of this, because it is very awkward to a Malay's ear to follow the English idiom. He did what I said in some cases, but in others he did not: and because of his obstinacy his mistakes still remain till the present time in the Gospels. I will state this only briefly. One day Mr. Thomsen said to me, "I now want to do the Gospel of Matthew: we will take the translation in Java Malay, and make it into correct Malay. The present translation was only made by the Dutch, and is not proper Malay; let us translate, and change whatever words are not right." I replied, "If you want to change the words of the book, give me the meaning exactly until I understand, and then I can give the Malay words; moreover, do not hurry me, but have a little patience. And I want to make an agreement that you will not contradict whatever I think correct." He answered, "Very well."

So I began to translate the book, and I felt that he was limiting me too much, and did not give me scope of correcting it, because he did not grasp the meaning of the Malay language. So we came to where we were translating chapter one, verse two, where it says, "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judah and his brethren:" so I said, "People do not understand the word *pĕranak* (begat)." He replied, "What would be right?" I answered, "*Ibrahim beranakkan-lah Isahak, dan Isahak beranakkan-lah Yakob*, or, *Di-pĕranakkan-lah oleh Ibrahim akan Isahak*: that is the Malay idiom, sir." He said, "If that is so, then Abraham was a woman." I replied, "Everyone in the world can understand that it is only women that bear children, that is, the wife of Abraham." "I cannot follow that idiom," he said,

“because it differs from the idiom of the English language” *begat*,” which means *pěranak-lah*.” That was the kind of argument between us, the reason of which was that he did not yet grasp the Malay idiom; and to such an extent was this so, that he even said that Mr. Marsden’s dictionary was wrong, because that gentleman followed the Malay idiom. Similarly there are hundreds of places in the Gospel of Matthew where the idiom is not correct.

I will only give a brief account of what happened between me and Mr. Thomsen. It was on account of this obstinacy and his ignorance of the Malay language that the sentences still remained in the dark. I will not mention the chapters and verses, but you gentlemen who read this story of mine know them full well; and if you find mistakes in the Gospel of Matthew translated by Mr. Thomsen, and awkward expression in the Malay, you must consider well how I was under authority, and could do nothing either to add or take away a single word in that book without the permission and authority of Mr. Thomsen. I myself know that in that book there are many places which sound awkward, and where the words are used quite out of place. It is because of these expressions that people misunderstand the meaning; but what could be done? Especially as I do not understand the original language of the book, which is said to be translated from the Greek language; if it had only been from the English, I would have known a little about it. On account of all the hindrances which I have mentioned, you must not abuse me or speak against my reputation because I was his teacher. Nevertheless I do not in the least profess myself to be clever or free from mistakes, for I myself am continually bedaubed with errors, and am not free from faults; but though this is so, by God’s will I do know the Malay idiom, and can distinguish between what is right and wrong, because that is my own language, especially as I have studied it, and did not pick it up as I heard it along the road, nor did I copy it from other people.

After the Gospel of Matthew had been revised, one day Mr. Thomsen said to me, “Let us now revise the Acts of the Apostles.” I replied, “Very well, sir; but I have endured so much vexation in revising the Gospel of Matthew, and there are dozens of places where the translation is not at all according to my desire, so that

my mind is very much distressed: but if you wish, I will do what you say. But now in revising this I don't know how we shall get on." He answered, "The expressions in that book were very difficult, and for that reason if there are a few mistakes, who will find it out? But this Acts of the Apostles is only like a story, so you can easily revise it." I said, "Don't say it is easy: I have read it, and not a single word of the Dutch translation can I understand, for it does not follow the syntax of the Malay language." He said, "Come, let us try." So I revised it; but this was just as I have described above. I will not tell all about it, as that would make too long a story, but I tried my best to make it according to the Malay idiom; just so that people would be able to understand it would be enough. In that way I did a little each day whilst doing other work, of which I had a great deal, until I had revised it with much trouble and many arguments: for it was Mr. Thomsen's way to always steer his course according to the English language or the other languages which he was translating into Malay, without paying any attention to the idiom of the Malay language. For this reason anything which he wrote can immediately be recognized, for only the words are Malay, but the construction of the sentences is English, and not at all like Malay writings. The work of translating from one language to another is a great art.

The gospel of Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles were first printed at Malacca: the copy was written by me, and the spelling and the joining of the words is all my work. After that I don't know how many times they were printed again at Singapore and at Malacca, until at the present time I see that those books from beginning to the end have not ten words which are not wrong: they are full of mistakes, both in spelling and in the joining of words, they have put in things which do not exist, and have omitted what ought to be there. For every one of the teachers who has not studied makes himself out to be clever: as long as he gets his pay it will do, without any rule or knowledge as to which word should have an *alif*, and which should not; and similarly with the other vowels *ya* and *wau*, they change whatever they can, without knowing the origin from which the word came: if it originally had an *alif*, they think it ought certainly to have one in combination, but

this is not so; whoever desires to do so will add one, and whoever wishes will take it away, and they also change the combinations. If this kind of thing is continued for about twenty years, Malay writing, and the spelling, and the joining of the words, and the syntax of the Malay language, and the rules of writing it will all be destroyed, until at last one man's writing will not be able to be read by another, because every one changes it according to his own cleverness, some adding and some taking away. And there are some people who because they are not versed in reading Malay writings add the letters *uau* and *ya* and *alif* so that people may read easily; their own idea is that they imagine they are able to create the sky, the moon, and the sun. All of this arises through the ignorance of Europeans who learn, and the ignorance of Malays who teach; they want to make donkeys into horses, and think that by bathing them and washing them with soap they will become horses; not considering that what is originally a horse will remain a horse, and the donkey will remain a donkey. This is the advantage of teachers and writers who are paid low wages, they can easily make horses into donkeys. As it seems to me, they do not want to learn the Malay language, but to destroy it. I know the foolish thing which they are doing, for their idea is, let other people follow what they do, in order that they may be called clever for inventing something new; but they do not know that when educated people see such work as that, they immediately recognise it as the work of an ignorant person, who has no learning and only wants to make himself out to be clever. It is just as the Malays say, "If you cannot repair it, at least do not break it;" do you understand what that means? If you have not sufficient skill to improve anything, do not in your haste break it, for there may be some other man coming after you who has more knowledge than yourself, and he may be able to improve it. Would you not be ashamed if some clever man should see the Gospel with such spelling, and such connection of words, and wrong expressions, such as no one ever uses? What will people think? For that is the book which Christians believe and honor; and is not that the book which people will use as a pattern for the spelling and joining of words, and will they not quote good expressions from it? Now if you

should do as I have described, it is as if you despised it, and it will be despised by those who see it; for people will know that those who made it were ignorant and obstinate persons, and without education. And not only the spelling and the joining of words, but even in the meanings there are many mistakes, as far from the original as the earth from the sky; in regard to such I cannot say yes or no, for I myself am an ignorant man, and do not know the words of the original; but as I understand it the meaning is wrong.

Will you please see for yourselves in the Gospel which Mr. Thomsen printed at Singapore, on page 201, verse 28, it reads like this, "Then Simon lifted the child of Jesus in his arms, and praised God." Now this serious mistake arose because he followed the idiom of the English language, putting the words one by one into Malay, and caring nothing about Malay idiom. As I understand it, the meaning of this sentence in the English if it were put into Malay would be like this, "Simon lifted the child, that is Jesus," that is how I understand it, for I never yet heard in the Mohammedan religion, and much less in the Christian religion, that Jesus was married, so how could that child come? This expression I have found in the Gospel of Luke, and who the teacher was who taught like that, or what the obstinacy was I do not know. There are such mistakes in hundreds of places which I do not mention, but I only give it briefly; if I should mention all of them, I should fill ten pages of this paper; I only mention it as a warning to other gentlemen hereafter. I will now return to the story of myself while I was employed in the town of Malacca as a teacher, and was instructing Mr. Thomsen, that is to say concerning translation from the English language into Malay.

CHAPTER 10.

COL. FARQUHAR'S SEARCH FOR A STRATEGIC
POSITION.

While I was thus employed, a report was heard at Malacca that an English cutter had been taken by pirates, between Penang and Malacca, and that an English lady who was in the boat had been taken away by the pirates to the eastward. It was said that the cutter had sailed from Penang, and this news soon spread. After that, two or three days later, another report was heard that Col. Farquhar was going to sail in an English ship, to go in search of that English lady. Mr. Farquhar took with him four or five Malacca Malays, and a writer named Encheh Yahya bin Abdul Wahid, usually called Encheh Siang; all of these sailed from Malacca. No one knew the secret of the Resident's departure; all that was known by the people of Malacca was that Col. Farquhar had gone to look for the lady; and for this reason I will not write the story, because I do not know about it; but when they all came back to Malacca, I inquired quietly, and they whispered to me, saying, "It was not to look for a lady; that report was spread intentionally, so that people might not know that the English were going to search for a place to found a city."

Col. Farquhar first went to Siak, to consult with the king of Siak, and to ask him for a place to build a city at Tanjong Jati; but what was wrong about that place was that when the wind blows from the north waves are very big, so that ships or boats could not anchor, and for this reason it would not do. After that he went to Daik, and I don't know what consultation he had with the Yam-Tuan of Daik. Then he came to the Carimon Islands, and went ashore to see all the places and the mountains, and he liked them. But then he went to look for an anchorage, and found it was all

coral reefs and rocks, and he could not find a place for ships to anchor; moreover he took soundings all around the islands, and the water was very deep, and there was no place for ships or boats to shelter in a storm, and a slight error would take a vessel on the reefs. For all these reasons it would not do, so he went on board his ship. He next sailed to Johor, and when he arrived there he went on shore to see those places, and I do not know what he thought; afterwards he went on board his ship, and sailed back to Malacca. When he arrived at Malacca, on that very day he gave authority to Captain Daud as his deputy, to be the officer in Malacca, and when this was done he sailed back again, intending to look for a place to build a city.

After Mr. Farquhar had been gone from Malacca two days, there came two large Dutch ships and a cutter, bringing the Resident and his secretary and officials, with Dutch and Javanese soldiers, and all their equipment, for the purpose of taking over Malacca. At that time most of the Malacca people of all nationalities were glad that the Dutch were taking the town of Malacca, because they imagine that they would find it easier than under English rule; but they were not aware that the people who were coming were horse leeches, who would suck the blood from their bodies.

At that time I was very sad in my heart, because I thought that all my toil and trouble and my diligence for such a long time in learning the English language had been in vain; and if there should be no English in this town, to whom should I sell my wares? Moreover not a solitary word of the Dutch language could I speak. My face was pale when I saw the people of Dutch birth in Malacca, for they brought my mistake home to me in having learned the English language and in liking the English people; their faces were flushed with joy, because their race was coming and they understood the language. Many of them said to me, "Now what is the good of the English which you have learned. If you had learned the Dutch language would it not have been very useful? for a great many of the Dutch want to learn the Malay language, because this town will now remain permanently in the hands of the Dutch." When I heard that, I thought more and more about it, and some-

times I regretted that I had learned English. At that time I felt as if some one was arousing me from sleep, saying, "Trust in God, who gives sustenance to all his servants in a way which His creatures cannot know; and not because they know English or Dutch, for it comes without measure."

When the Dutch ships and the cutter arrived, their crews came on shore, and they lived at Bandar Hilir, but the town had not yet been handed over, because the Resident was not there. After five days Mr. Farquhar arrived, and he gave authority to Captain Daud telling him to hand over the town of Malacca; and the same night he sailed again.

The next day at seven o'clock in the morning the Dutch troops entered the Fort, with their officers, and their fife and drum band and other music, and their Resident with his secretary bringing the Dutch flag; and at that time they all had their swords drawn in their hands. When they arrived at the hill near the flagstaff, the English troops with their officers and all the officials and their fife and drum band were ready waiting, each of them holding a drawn sword in his hand. First of all they hoisted the English flag, and the English played their fifes and drums, and it made one's heart very sad to hear the sound. I noticed that they all appeared to be sad and sorrowful, like people at a funeral, and every face were pale. After a period of about ten minutes the flag was lowered. Both the detachments of troops stood ready near the flagstaff, the English and the Dutch soldiers, but each on their own side. The people of the town were also there in dense crowds to see the sight, and the men who were to read the proclamation in four languages were all ready. After that the Dutch flag was hoisted, and the Dutch music was played with a loud noise; and after about ten minutes it was lowered again. While the Dutch flag was being lowered, I noticed that the men of the two detachments acted as if they would like to kill one another, both sides being angry and their faces crimson; they were like tigers about to spring, all of them having their weapons unsheathed in their hands. After that both flags were hoisted, the Dutch and the English flags together; and after some time both of them were lowered and hoisted again, until this had been done three times;

then finally the English flag was slowly lowered. At that time I noticed that many of the English people were weeping, while the fifes and drums played slowly, like the sound of voices wailing, and every one who saw them was awe-struck. When the English flag reached the ground, the Proclamation was read in the language of each nationality: and the words of the proclamation were as follows:

“Be it known unto all men in this town that this Proclamation is read in witness of the fact that the king of England has decided with all his officials in the treaty of peace that the town of Malacca is surrendered by His Majesty the king of England to His Majesty the king of Holland.”

When this had been done, all the English troops and their officers returned home, and the Dutch troops with their officers went to take over the guard in all those places which had been guarded by the English troops.

The name of the Resident who had just come was Timmerman Thyssen, and his secretary's name was Bamgoor, and the name of the Commandant of the troops was Major, and he was a Frenchman. On that very day the Resident moved to the house of the English Resident, and his secretary lived in the Fort, his house being on the side towards the sea, and he had a sentry in full uniform at his door. But all the troops who came were Javanese and Madurese.

CHAPTER 11.

THE FOUNDING OF SINGAPORE.

I will now return to the story of how Col. Farquhar sailed away in a ship. He ordered the ship to steer towards the Straits of Singapore; and the reason why he went there was that for a long time he had been friendly with Těngku Long, the son of Sultan Mahmud, at the time when he was at Malacca; and I heard it said that Těngku Long had received some money from Col. Farquhar. At that very time he had promised to give the island of Singapore to the English. Moreover Mr. Farquhar had been to Riau to meet with him, in order to enter into such an agreement with him, and when the agreement had been made, he then returned to Malacca to hand the town over to the Dutch as I have described. Now all that was said and done between Col. Farquhar and Těngku Long was reported by letter to Raffles while he was still at Penang, and Mr. Raffles had made known all the circumstances to the Governor-General in Bengal; so there came a reply from Bengal to say, "If you wish to found a city at Singapore you can do so, and the Company does not forbid it; the Company however will not pay the expense of founding the city, but you and Mr. Farquhar must provide the money yourselves. When that has been done, the Company will consider the matter." Mr. Raffles then told the Governor-General that he would consult Col. Farquhar about the matter, and he said, "Whatever happens we must found a city on the island of Singapore." Mr. Raffles also came to Malacca, and when the matter had been decided, he sent Mr. Farquhar to Singapore to carry out the work as far as was necessary until he should come. For at that time he went to Acheen, being sent there by the Governor-General to settle a quarrel which the princes at Acheen had among themselves, for Acheh Pědir and Tělok Sěmawi wanted to fight; and they had sent a letter to Bengal asking for

assistance in the settlement of the quarrel, so Mr. Raffles was told to settle it, and he sailed to Acheen. It was just after that that Mr. Farquhar sailed to Singapore, as I have already related.

When he arrived there, he went on shore in the ship's boat, together with the Malacca men whom he had taken with him; and they landed on the Esplanade where the Court has now been built, and found the place full of *kěrmunling* and *sakědudok* bushes. On the side towards the river there were four or five little huts, and there were six or seven cocoanut trees which had been planted there; and there was one house a little larger, but also built of *atap*, which was where the *Těměnggong* lived. Mr. Farquhar walked all round the Esplanade, and the sea gypsies (*Orang Laut*) came and looked at him, and then ran and told the *Těměnggong*.

Immediately the *Těměnggong* accompanied by four or five men bearing arms came to meet Mr. Farquhar. The heat was then very great, and Mr. Farquhar went under the shade of a *kělat* tree in the middle of the Esplanade. When they met they greeted one another by touching hands, and Mr. Farquhar shook his hand, and he took Mr. Farquhar to his house. When they got there, Mr. Farquhar spoke about his coming, and told him how originally he had received a letter from Bencoolen sent by Mr. Raffles to tell him to look for a good place to build a town, because Malacca had been surrendered by His Majesty the king of England to the king of Holland; moreover he said, "If the English do build a town here, it will be very easy for the Malays to trade, and the European merchants will also come here to trade." He said many other nice things, and gave him advice in order to please the *Těměnggong*, like giving him a lump of sugar to suck. The *Těměnggong* answered, "Sir, I am a run-away, who have come here from Riau in a bad humour. You know as well as I do the way of Malay princes, each of them wishes to exalt himself. That is why I came away to this island in the middle of the sea. Moreover I am the heir to this place, for according to Malay laws and customs it is the *Těměnggong* who controls all rocks and island, but the real owner is the late Sultan Mahmud. He had two sons, but neither of them were legitimate children, one was named Abdul Rahman, and the other Husain, whose title is *Těngku Long*. Now since the late

Sultan's death, the princes in the kingdom of Daik and Riau and Pahang are all in doubt as to who should be made Sultan by the Bēndahara, for both of them are sons of the late Sultan. Tēngku Putēri, the Sultan's widow, wishes Tēngku Long to be king, but the princes wish to make Tēngku Abdul Rahman the king; for that reason they are all at loggerheads. Under these circumstances Tēngku Abdul Rahman was sulky, and went to Tērēngganu, and Tēngku Long remains at Riau; that is the root of the matter, sir. Now all the royal insignia have been handed over to Tēngku Putēri, the Sultan's widow." When Mr. Farquhar heard the story which the Tēmēnggong told him, he smiled and said, "Tēngku, all of this has been in Mr. Raffles mind, and he will set it right."

Mr. Farquhar then quickly changed the subject, and said, "Tēngku, what is the name which people give to this hill near here?" He replied, "This hill for ages past has been called The Forbidden Hill." Mr. Farquhar asked, "Why is it called The Forbidden Hill?" The Tēmēnggong replied, "The story is that in the time of the Sultans of former ages, their place was built on this hill, therefore they forbade any one to go up there except by order of the king, or if sent for by him; that is why the hill is called The Forbidden Hill. Now at the back of that hill there is a water pipe, and that place is called The Forbidden Pipe, for that is the place where all the concubines and wives of the Sultan bathed, and no one could go there."

After that Mr. Farquhar said, "Tēngku, the object of my coming, after consulting with Mr. Raffles, and with the consent of Tēngku Long, the son of Sultan Mahmud who is at Riau and Lingga, is to hand over the island of Singapore to the English company to be made a city, so as to perpetuate the names of the Sultans of former times, and in order that it may be an evident sign of the loyalty of Tēngku Long and yourself to the English Company. Under these circumstances, until Mr. Raffles comes, let us two plan what should be done in the opinion of Tēngku Long and yourself, and also in order that we may make an agreement between the two parties, that is to say, the English Company with Tēngku Long and yourself. What do you think of that plan?" When the Tēmēnggong heard him say that, he was silent for a time

without speaking, after which he said, "Sir, I am under the authority of Těngku Long, and if this is done with the consent of Těngku Long, I also agree." Mr. Farquhar replied, "If you really consent to this, let us make a written agreement." The Těmēnggong answered, "Sir, what is the good of a signature? This tongue of mine is sufficient." Mr. Farquhar replied, "The custom with us Europeans is that a signature is necessary, in order that our promise cannot change." Mr. Farquhar then said to Incheh Siang, "Write a document according to what the Těmēnggong agrees to." He immediately prepared the document in the words Těmēnggong desires friendly relations with the English Company, mentioned above, as follows: "This document witnesseth that the and is willing (with the consent of Těngku Long) that the island of Singapore shall be given to the English Company, that is to say, to Mr. Raffles and Mr. Farquhar, in order that they may build a town." When that was completed they affixed their signatures. Mr. Farquhar then held the Těmēnggong's hand, and shook it saying, "Těngku, from this day we are friends without ceasing until the end."

After that Mr. Farquhar said, "Těngku, I now want to bring the tents on shore from the ship, what would be a good place for them?" The Těmēnggong answered, "Wherever you like, sir." Mr. Farquhar said, "I think this open space would be good." After a short time boat came from the ship, and the people from the ship came on shore, bringing the tents and all their equipment. Some of the men were ordered to clear the brushwood, and others to pitch the tents, and after about two hours the tents were standing. Mr. Farquhar then ordered a well to be dug under that *klat* tree, and that was the water which they all drank. At that time there were thirty Malacca men with him, and that night they were on guard in turn around the tents.

Early the next morning Mr. Farquhar ordered a pole to be set up about six fathoms long (36'), and when it was erected, the English flag was hoisted on the seashore. At that time there was no food to be obtained and so Mr. Farquhar gave the men twenty dollars, saying, "Go and buy some food for us to eat." They went in search for it, but could find nothing, and all they had to eat

what came from the ship, they had dollars to buy it, but there was none to be obtained. There were two or three little huts close together near the Tēmēnggong's house, and the people who lived in them ate the sprouts of trees and dried fish and sago, and occasionally they got rice. At the far end of Kampong Gēlam there were two or three huts of sea-gypsies of the tribe of Gēlam, who lived there making mats and sails, and that is why the village is called Kampong Gēlam.

In those days, as for passing through the Straits of Singapore, not only men, but even the devils and evil spirits would be afraid, for that was the room in which the pirates slept. Wherever they went to attack ships or cutters or native vessels they brought them to Singapore, for that was the place where they divided the spoil and killed the crews, or else killed one another in struggling for the property.

Now as to the sea-gypsies (*Orang Laut*) who lived in the native vessels, they acted like wild animals: if they saw a number of people coming, when there was time they would escape in their boats, but if there was no time, they would plunge into the sea and dive like fish, disappearing for about half an hour before they came up again, which would be a distance of one or two hundred fathoms from the place where they jumped in: both men and women did like that. And especially the little children much more so; when they saw anyone, they would scream as if they would die, just as if they had seen a tiger. It was these people who brought fish for the Tēmēnggong to eat, and at that time they knew no other way of catching fish but by spearing them. Most of the fish which were speared were *ikan tēnggiri*, but sometimes they got other fish, such as *ikan parang-parang*, etc. Moreover at that time the fish at Singapore were tough and hard like the skin of a buffalo, because the fish were not yet accustomed to being eaten: and they were very tame, so that big fish could be caught close in shore: and there were cockles everywhere on the seashore, which came up of their own accord, so that in a few minutes one could gather gallons of them.

The Tēmēnggong told the sea-gypsies to come and sell fish to our people, but though they came and brought fish, it was with

fear and trembling, and they were amazed to see the tents, and people's clothing, etc. Whatever price was given them for the fish, or if it was exchanged for a little tobacco or rice, they would take it and go away. And when they came, Mr. Farquhar gave them money and cloth and rice, because he saw that they had no clothes, in order that they might become familiar with us. In that way after a day or two they became friendly, and helped the newcomers to bear their burdens; but their children were still very shy, so that they became sick owing to their fear of people; one child was even lost in the sea off Tělok Ayer, because he was frightened to see a number of people walking near his vessel, so he plunged into the sea at high tide when the current is strong, and he did not come up again, but was lost, being carried out to sea by the current.

Every day Mr. Farquhar was occupied in walking about here and there to look at the place; but the paths were all overgrown with jungle, and it was only in the middle of the esplanade that there was no big jungle, but only *kěrmunting* and *sakědudok* bushes, and *klat* trees, and the edge of the water was covered with *ambong-ambong* and *mělpari* and *bulangan* and *tulang-tulang* trees. On the other side of the river there was nothing to be seen but mangrove trees, and *api-api* and *buta-buta* and *jěruju* and *tulang-tulang*. And in no place was there good ground even ten fathoms in width, but only mud with the mounds cast up by land-crabs, and it was only on the hills that there was clay soil. There was one large high hill near the end of the point at the mouth of the Singapore River.

In the mouth of the Singapore River there were a great many large rocks, but there was a channel in between the rocks, which was as crooked as a snake when it is beaten. Among all those stones there was one with a sharp point like the snout of a sword-fish, and that was called by the sea-gypsies Batu Kěpala-Todak (Sword-fish-head Rock), and they believed that that stone had an evil spirit or ghost. It was at that stone that they all paid their vows, and that was the place they feared, and they set up banners and paid it honor; for they said, "If we do not honor it, when we go in and out of the straits it will certainly destroy us all. So every day they brought offerings and placed them on that stone.

And all along the edge of the shore there were rolling hundreds of human skulls in the sand, some old and some new, some with the hair still remaining on them, some with the teeth filed, and others not, skulls of all kinds. Mr. Farquhar was informed of this, and when he saw them, he had them picked up and thrown out to sea; so they were put in sacks and thrown into the sea. At that time the sea-gypsies were asked, "Whose skulls are all these?" And they said, "These are the heads of the victims of piracy, and this is where they were killed." Wherever native vessels or ships were attacked, the pirates came here and divided the plunder: in some cases they killed one another in struggling for the booty: in other cases it was those whom they had bound. It was on the shore here that they tried their weapons, and here also they had gambling and cock-fighting.

One day Mr. Farquhar wished to go up the hill which the Tēmēnggong had called The Forbidden Hill. The Tēmēnggong's men said, "None of us dare go up, because there are many evil spirits there: for every day can be heard up there like the sound of hundreds of people. Sometimes there can be heard the sound of gongs and drums, and the shouts of men." Mr. Farquhar laughed and said, "I want to see those ghosts;" and he said to all the Malacca men, "Haul this gun up the hill." In doing this many of them were afraid, but as there was nothing else to do, they hauled the cannon up; but all of them were Malacca men, for not a single Singapore man dared to go near. Now there was not much jungle on the hill, and not many large trees, but only a clump here and there. They were all afraid, but being ashamed because Mr. Farquhar was with them, they went up whether they liked it or not. When they reached the top, Mr. Farquhar ordered the cannon to be loaded with shot, and he himself fired it twelve times in succession, pointing it in all directions, after that he ordered a pole to be erected, and hoisted the English flag, saying, "Cut down all this brushwood." He also had a road made for people to go up and down the hill, and this work of cutting down the jungle and making roads was done every day.

At that time on the island of Singapore there were no animals seen either wild or tame, except rats: but there were thousands of

field rats everywhere, large ones, almost as big as cats, and if one walked at night one would stumble over them, and many people fell, so big were they. One night in the house where I lived, in which a cat was kept, in the middle of the night the cat was heard mewling, and my friend went out with a torch to see what was the matter with the cat: when he caught sight of it, there were six or seven rats crowding around and biting the cat: some were biting its ears, and others its hands and feet, while some bit its cheeks, till the cat could no longer move, but could only mew. When the man saw that, he shouted to me, and I ran to the back to see it, until six or seven men came crowding close to it, but even then the rats would not let go of the cat: but when the cat saw a number of people, it mewed still more, like a person calling for help, so someone took a stick and killed two of the rats which were biting the cat's ears. When its ears were free, the cat pounced on one of the rats and killed it, then the man struck another, and the rest ran away. But the cat's face and nose were covered with wounds and bedaubed with blood. Every house was like that, full of rats, so that one could hardly stand it, as they did not take any notice of people. In Mr. Farquhar's tent it was just the same, so much so that Mr. Farquhar gave orders, saying, "Whoever kills a rat, I will pay him a *wang* ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cents)." When people heard that, everyone made appliances for killing rats: some made snares, and others traps, and some used poison, and others set bird lime. Never before in my life did I see rats caught with bird lime, not until this time. Some people were very clever at finding their holes, and others speared them: people had all sorts of ways for killing rats. Every morning they came in crowds bringing the carcasses of rats to Mr. Farquhar's house; some had 50 or 60, and others only six or seven. At first the rats brought every morning would number almost thousands, so that they lay in heaps, and Mr. Farquhar paid as he had promised. When this had gone on for six or seven days, and he saw there were still a great many, he reduced the price by one half (5 *duits*): but even so thousands were brought, so he ordered holes to be dug fairly deep, and buried all the rats. In this way the number of rats decreased a little, until only ten or twenty were brought every day, and so the fighting and disturbance

of the rats in Singapore ceased, and they all entirely disappeared.

After a few days a great number of centipedes came out, and here and there people were bitten by centipedes. In every house, if one sat down for a moment, two or three of them would fall from the roof: moreover when we slept at night, there would certainly be found under one's mat two or three big centipedes when we got up in the morning, and so people made a fuss. Mr. Farquhar heard about this, and so he gave orders that whoever killed a centipede should be given a *wang* ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cents). When they heard of this, people looked everywhere for them, and every day hundreds were brought, everyone catching them as best he knew how. In this way their number decreased, but every two or three days people would bring twenty or thirty of them, until the fighting and the disturbance about the centipedes ended, and people no longer shouted out because of the pain of the centipede bites.

CHAPTER 12.

DUTCH RULES IN MALACCA.

I will not tell about the town of Malacca, after it had been surrendered by the English into the hands of the Dutch. Every day they made some change in the customs and rules and regulations of the English, and in so doing they did great wrong to the poor; every day people were being fined, and the taxes were being increased, for they put taxes on whatever had not been taxed by the English, so that people could not even dig a new well without paying a tax, and those who built houses were taxed. I cannot remember all the things that were taxed; even the boats that went out to sea were taxed, etc.

Now the Dutch secretary, named Bamgoor, was a horse-leech who drank the blood of God's creatures. He had four policemen, and all of them were like little leeches, which jump wherever they come across men or animals, and suck their blood, because they want to become as big as pythons. These men acted as spies in every house, and when they found even a slight case of itch, they would exaggerate it and say, "You will get running sores;" and they threatened them. Because people were afraid, they gave them bribes, so that they might keep quiet. Then they would go and tell their friends, and they in their turn would come and threaten those people, and so get some bribes. That was the way in which God's creatures were oppressed at that time in Malacca; everyone was abusing and cursing them, and groaning every day, and people were being fined incessantly, and one thing or another was being done to them. When the secretary left the Fort on horseback, everywhere people were running home quickly to their houses to take their brooms and sweep in front of their doors; so that there was the loud sound of the brooms wherever he went, because they were afraid of being fined; nevertheless when he went home three

or four people would be fined, and this happened every day, until he was nicknamed Mr. Broom; when anyone wished to mention him they said Mr. Broom, and that was enough, for everyone understood. All the nationalities in the entire town cursed and abused him. As the Malays say, "Knives and bill-hooks may be blunt, but men's mouths are very sharp."

The writer of this story thinks that everything which the Dutch people did was as if they wanted everything to be clean. I like such a desire very much, and it is quite right, so that people should not every day be wallowing in dirt, both as regards the town and the home, and as regards eating and drinking, it was right for them to do that in order that they might warn the Malays and other races about these things. But what the Dutch did at Malacca was altogether outrageous in regard to what I have mentioned, and every day their injustice and tyranny increased, and that was why the hearts of all God's creatures were agitated, and as they had no power to revenge themselves, they brought their complaint before God. So in a few days, in less than three months, by the will of God, Mr. Brown fell sick, acting like a crazy person, in constant fear, and screaming out, saying that he was being beaten. Many doctors treated him, but he got no better, and only screamed more and more, and when he was by himself he would dash here and there, only wanting to run away. One night while people slept he jumped down from the upper story and fell in the middle of the road, and thus died leaving a bad reputation.

Moral. Now all the things which I have mentioned should be taken as an example by all men of intelligence, for they clearly show that the recompense of God is not by beating with sticks or stones or other weapons, but comes unexpectedly, and He repays good to everyone who does good, and similarly evil to those who do evil.

When all the people of Malacca heard that Mr. Broom was dead, everyone stretched out his hands to heaven, saying, "Amen, O Lord; but this is not yet enough; if this Dutch Resident should also die, then the town of Malacca would have peace. After Mr. Broom was dead, his wife and children sailed from Malacca to return to Batavia, and it is said that his wife died at sea, and one of his children arrived at Batavia seriously ill.

Then for the first time the news came to Malacca that the English had prepared a place in the Straits of Singapore to build a town. Most people did not believe this news: some said, "This is a false rumor; perhaps the English have just called in to see the place." Others said, "Even if the English should build the town, it would not succeed, because there would be no little expense, and besides the English are not so crazy as to throw away that much money." The people of Malacca had all sorts of ideas about it: they all said what they liked, each according to his own ability, their tongues having no bone. Two or three days later, a boat came bringing the news that Mr. Farquhar was really at Singapore, and was going to build a town, and that a number of Malacca men were there with him. These men said that whoever brought food, such as fowls and ducks, and any kind of fruit, and similar things, would make great profits. Even so, not many people believed. Then in the next day or two there came a boat bringing a letter from Mr. Farquhar to his agent at Malacca, telling him to send his things. Moreover the Malacca men who were with him all sent letters to their relatives, telling them to bring food and fowls and ducks. In their letters it was also mentioned that Mr. Farquhar was at Singapore, and had hoisted the English flag, but that Mr. Farquhar said the question was not yet settled about that place as to whether a town would be built or not, but when Mr. Raffles came they would get definite news.

When they heard that information, a great many people wished to go and take all kinds of food, but at that time the pirates were as audacious as chickens, so that they even captured the fishermen's boats in the Malacca anchorage. Every day they could be seen passing from west to east and from east to west, and the Dutch paid no attention; for this reason some of those who wished to go were afraid. Notwithstanding that, people went to take food, because they heard of the big profits, and when they reached Singapore they could double their money. When others heard this they were very eager to take things there, and some went merely as labourers, and others to open shops: and this news spread all over Malacca. When the Dutch heard that the English were going to

build a town at Singapore, they were hot with anger and full of envy in their hearts, for they thought that if Singapore should really become a town, then Malacca would be deserted. All the while people were taking food and poultry to Singapore, and the Dutch were angry, and would not allow anyone to take anything to Singapore, and they confiscated any boat intending to go to Singapore; many people lost money by this confiscation. In spite of this being done, people took things secretly; but this was found out, and the boats were confiscated and the people punished, some being imprisoned and others fined. Finally they had the Malacca river guarded by cruisers, and if any boat intended going to Singapore it was captured: but even so many people went there, and those boats which were found were captured, and any which escaped succeeded in getting there. Those who came across the pirates were all killed, but in some cases the crews jumped overboard, and only the boats were captured. At that time dozens of Malacca boats were taken by pirates, and in some cases only the crews returned with just the clothes they had on, in other cases they entirely disappeared, crew and all, and some were taken to other countries and sold: sometimes the goods were taken and the boats sunk, and sometimes both sides fought, and many were killed, after which they escaped; thus it happened to them, everyone just trying his luck. The place which was most feared by those who wished to go to or return from Singapore was the strait of the island of Kukop, for that was where the pirates assembled: they simply waited in the Kukop Straits, for that was just like a room, and however strong the wind was it would be calm there. Now in order to get shelter from the wind, people went through the Kukop Strait, and that was where they were captured by pirates, who could see other people, while others could not see them, and that was why they so often came across them, and could easily be captured. It was at that time that about forty Malacca men, natives of Kampong Java, and all young men, were going in a boat to get their living at Singapore, and they entirely disappeared and none of them was seen again, for they were all killed: no news was heard of them, because they all resisted.

Now although there were so many dangers on the way, hundreds of Malacca men came to Singapore, because everyone wanted to earn a living, and the more so because they were in distress at Malacca having no employment, and because of the oppression of the Dutch which I have mentioned above. For this reason they trusted to luck in coming to Singapore, some as labourers cutting down the jungle, and others as laborers building houses, while some had shops and others were merchants, and some were engaged in crime and cheating, every man in his own way. Although this was so, the people of Malacca were full of doubt that perhaps Singapore would not become a town. At that time there was great distress in regard to food at Singapore, a fowl sold for two rupees and a duck for a dollar, and even at that price they were unobtainable. Eggs were a *wang* each ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cents), and the *jambu* fruit a *wang* or two cents each. Money was very plentiful, but food could not be had, because the Malacca boats were prevented by the Dutch from coming. If even one Malacca boat went astray and arrived there, everyone would go in crowds, and scramble for their goods, and people would buy even things of no value, a pineapple would fetch seven *wang* ($17\frac{1}{2}$ cents), and an overripe *durian* 2 rupees; at that price I myself bought a very inferior *durian*, and all sorts of things were very dear.

Now by the decree of God most high in regard to His creatures, the Dutch Resident at Malacca, named Timmerman Thyssen, also died. So all the punishments and confiscations and fines decreased somewhat, and the mouths of the people of Malacca ceased from cursing, and were able to catch their breath a little, for the punishments at Malacca slackened. But he also died with a bad reputation, inasmuch as many rich people at Malacca were ruined because they had lent him money, and he had many debts everywhere, and had embezzled a great deal of Government money, and many people cursed him. After he was dead, his property and his house were auctioned, but not one-tenth of all his debts was realized, and the remainder was absolutely lost. At that time the Malacca people were as dry as fish dried in the sun, because it was difficult to get employment, and native trading vessels did not come, neither did the English ships call there; but those who had property lived

on their means, and there was nothing else that they could do, because their homes and their families and parents were there, so what could be done? They remained there whether they wished or not, like tigers chewing the earth; for if it had not been so, that very moment they would have flown away from Malacca. Moreover even rice was very dear at times, and so the Malacca people were in great straits.

Moral. It is right that all men should give thanks to God a thousand times for His rich grace and His pity to His creatures, because at the time when the drought was so severe in Malacca He sent down heavy rains from Singapore, because the English had founded that town, so that people could get a cool air and sustenance from thence, and rich and poor according to their station were able to catch their breath, as was allotted to each. For at that time even the garbage from Malacca if taken to Singapore would become money, how much more anything good: this was because the people of other countries had not yet heard that Singapore was sure to become a town, and for this reason native trading vessels did not dare to go there, especially because the pirates were as audacious as chickens, and only large vessels fully armed and with brave crews were able to sail the seas. Moreover at that time there were not many Malacca people who owned vessels, as they do now, when every individual has a cutter or a *top* or schooner, or something of the kind; for then it was very exceptional for anyone to own a vessel, and it would cost a great deal to hire one; if any ordinary person wanted to take passage to Singapore, the fare would be three dollars each, and then they would provide their own food. Moreover most people thought that Singapore would only exist for a time, and would not be permanent, for they all listened to and believed what the Dutch at Malacca said, that Singapore could not become a town; but God knows about that.

CHAPTER 13.

THE STORY OF TĒNGKU LONG.

I will now resume the story of the town of Singapore. Mr. Farquhar's plan of going to invite Tĕngku Long, the son of Sultan Mahmud, to come from Riau to Singapore was accepted by the Tĕmĕnggong Abdul Rahman, but they did not dare to do this without the knowledge of Mr. Raffles, for at that time Mr. Raffles was still in Bengal.

A short time after that, Mr. Raffles came from Bengal with four ships and two cutters, and when he arrived, Mr. Farquhar and the Tĕmĕnggong went out on the water to meet his vessel. When they met him, he received them with much respect, and both parties told one another what had occurred. Mr. Farquhar then spoke of his intention of inviting Tĕngku Long to come from Riau. Mr. Raffles was startled, and said, "Have you not done that yet?" Mr. Farquhar replied, "Because that was an important business, I wanted to ask you first." Mr. Raffles said, "Send at once, but it must be a trustworthy man, so that this secret may not be divulged; I want him to reach here within three days, and I will not go on shore until Tĕngku Long comes." Immediately Mr. Farquhar and the Tĕmĕnggong went on shore, and when they got there, they sent for Raja Ēmbong. Now Raja Ēmbong was a relative of Sultan Mahmud, and was a cousin of Tĕngku Long. When he came, they all three consulted in the Tĕmĕnggong's room, and agreed to send him to Riau, saying, "In three days without fail Tĕngku Long must get here, and do not let this secret be known (for they were afraid that the Dutch would hear of it, and then would not allow Tĕngku Long to leave), whatever happens you must bring him, even with just the clothes he has on; and tell him that Mr. Raffles invites him, and is waiting at Singapore." When this plan was settled, Raja Ēmbong immediately went on board a boat and sailed towards Riau.

After he had been at sea a day and a night, he reached Kampong Pēnyēngat at Riau in the middle of the night. Raja Ēmbong went on shore, and entering the palace had an interview with Tēngku Long, and told him, "Mr. Raffles and Mr. Farquhar and the Tēmēnggong Abdul Rahman ask that you will please come to Singapore, because they want to make you the Sultan." The two men were alone when he said this. When Tēngku Long heard it he was amazed, and for a moment looked steadfastly, and then sent for Ēnchek Abu. Now this Ēnchek Abu was a man whom he trusted, like his minister, and his title was Ēnchek Abu Puteh. He called him into his room, and they spoke together as to what he should decide to do, for Tēngku Long was doubtful in his mind, being afraid that perhaps Mr. Raffles wished to deceive him, intending to capture him and take him away to Bengal. The Ēnchek Abu and Raja Ēmbong gave the following decision, saying, "We are your servants, and whatever you say we will do; but our opinion is that our brother here, Raja Ēmbong, has no intention of bringing any calamity upon your Highness." A moment later Tēngku Long said, "Very well, if so, go quickly and get your *kris*, and let us go. Make no noise, and if anyone asks, say, "I am going to fish." Just then his mother came down with a box containing his clothing, and with an attendant, and Ēnchek Abu went on board the boat. There was no time to take any food for the journey, but Tēngku Long gave orders, "Tomorrow send a boat to follow with my food, and afterwards two other vessels and a pleasure boat can be rowed to Singapore.

Then they all sailed, and on the voyage Tēngku Long kept repeating what had been said, that Mr. Raffles had sent for him to come to Singapore, for there was still some doubt in his mind, as I have just mentioned. The next day the boat that was bringing his food joined them at Lobam Strait, and they then sailed, and were two days on the way; and so they arrived at Singapore, and came to the Tēmēnggong's landing place. The Tēmēnggong and Mr. Farquhar came and shook hands with Tēngku Long, and as they went on board the boat, Mr. Farquhar said, "Tēngku, let us go and meet Mr. Raffles in the harbor, for he will not come ashore until you arrive." Tēngku Long consented, but his heart was beat-

ing, because he imagined that he was going to be arrested. Těngku Long and Mr. Farquhar then went together in the boat, and rowed out to the roadstead flying a yellow flag.

When they were seen from the ship, all were ready to receive him, and when they reached the ship, Mr. Raffles himself came and shook hands with Těngku Long, and a great many cannons were fired from the ships and from the cutters. Mr. Raffles showed Těngku Long every honor and respect, and brought him to a place where they all four sat down on chairs. Ěnchek Abu Puteh sat behind Těngku Long, and Raja Ěmbong sat a little way off. At that time Mr. Raffles was speaking with smiles and a pleasant face, and kept bowing his head, and was as sweet as a sea of honey. Not merely the human heart but even a stone would be broken by hearing such words as his, with a gentle voice like the sweetest music, in order to remove any sadness, and that the doubt which might be concealed in the treasury of the human heart might also disappear, and so all the waves of uncertainty which were beating upon the reef of doubt were stilled, and the cloud which threatened a squall of wind with darkness such as that of a great storm about to break was all dissipated, so that the weather became fine, and there blew the gentle breeze which comes from the garden of love, and then suddenly there arose the full moon of the fourteenth day with its bright light, so that the sincerity of Mr. Raffles became evident to Těngku Long. In a moment his sadness changed to gladness, and his face lighted up. As Mr. Raffles looked out of the corner of his eye, his face changed color, and he rose from his chair, and taking the hand of Těngku Long he led him into his cabin, and closed the door. In that cabin these two men conversed, and no one knows the secret of what they said. If I knew the secret of their conversation, I would certainly write it in this story, but God alone knows it. After a considerable time they both came out smiling and holding one another's hands, and then they went down into the boat. Mr. Farquhar and the Těměnggong also went down with them, and the Captain of the ship and his men manned the ship's boats and took their equipment and weapons.

When they reached the Těměnggong's house, Těngku Long put on his regal attire, and Mr. Raffles and Mr. Farquhar and the crews

of the ships and all the Malacca people were ready waiting in the middle of the Esplanade, and a table was placed there with chairs right and left, and the sailors were drawn up ready on the right and left. A moment later there came Těngku Long and the Těměnggong and Raja Ĕmbong, and all the Malays accompanying him in large numbers, with a yellow umbrella, and thus they marched. And as they were marching, by God's power there fell a light rain (*hujan panas*), which as the Malays reckon is a sign of blessings to come. Mr. Raffles quickly came and shook hands with Těngku Long, and they went into the tent. But though all this was done, Těngku Long was still afraid, for he imagined that Mr. Raffles was going to deceive him, and take him captive to Bengal. So as they marched he said to Ĕnchek Abu, "Dont you move from behind me." When they reached the place, Mr. Raffles seated him in the middle, and Mr. Raffles himself stood on the right, while Mr. Farquhar stood on the left, and every European took off his hat and stood with folded arms paying respect to His Highness. While this was happening, there came a young Englishman wearing a folding hat, on which there were the feathers of a bird of Paradise, and his coat was like an officer's uniform, covered with gold braid and very smart: he went in to the centre in front of the table, and took out two documents rolled up, one in English and the other in Malay, and he stood paying his respects to His Highness, and read the document in the presence of the assembly. After he had read for a while, then Ĕnchek Yahya came, and read it in Malay as follows: "Know all men that the Governor General in Bengal appoints Těngku Long as Sultan, with the title of Sultan Husain Shah ibnu 'l-Marhum Sultan Mahmud Shah, in the town of Singapore and in the districts and shores thereof." After this all the Europeans saluted, and paid their respects to the Sultan, and then many guns were fired from the ships, after which the Sultan and the Těměnggong and Mr. Raffles and Mr. Farquhar returned, accompanying Sultan Husain Shah to the Těměnggong's house. When they got there, Mr. Raffles greeted the Sultan and Těměnggong, and shook hands with them, and then returned to the roadstead. After Mr. Raffles was gone, the Sultan said to the Těměnggong, "Build me a palace, for I must ask my wife to come here from Riau and all the retinue of my palace.

I will now speak about Mr. Raffles: The next day he had all his things brought on shore and an *atap* house was built for him, where he lived with his brother-in-law, named Captain Flint, whom Mr. Raffles appointed harbor-master. The place where Mr. Raffles' house was is at the end of Singapore point, where Mr. Johnston's place of business now stands. Mr. Farquhar had a house built on the Esplanade, in front of the Court, that is in front of the present hotel Tranqua; his house was also of *atap*, and the walls of mats between battens. The *angsana* trees which are now on the Esplanade were planted by him, and the seedings were brought from Malacca by Raja Haji's vessel, and he got them from Tanjong Kling. After Těngku Long had been installed as Sultan, Mr. Raffles made him a present of one thousand dollars, and a roll of black broadcloth, and another of yellow broadcloth, and he fixed the Sultan's allowance at \$416.25, and the Těměnggong's at half of that, namely \$208.12½. That very day an agreement was made between them, that is between the English Company and Sultan Husain Shah, in which it was stated that the Tamils and Bengalis were under the authority of the English Company, and the Chinese and Malays were under the Sultan; it was also stated in this agreement that if the town of Singapore had any revenue, however much it might be, it would be divided in two, half to the English Company and half to Sultan Husain Shah.

When the allowances and the agreements about the town had been determined, after a few days Mr. Raffles sailed for Bengal, leaving Mr. Farquhar as Resident, Mr. Flint as harbor-master, and Mr. Bernard, who was Mr. Farquhar's son-in-law, as magistrate at Singapore. The town of Singapore at that time was like the sun when it is just rising, its brilliancy increasing as it rises; and a great many traders came pouring in, and merchants from every country came to trade, but they did not care so much to do business as they did to see the new town. Moreover merchandise came from all countries like the flood tide, especially European goods, even things which our forefathers had never seen were piled up like vegetables, and every day without cessation there were auctions of all kinds of things in four or five places, and things went very cheap. At that time the custom as regards auctions was not to

beat a gong or to make it known from house to house, but dozens of notices were made and pasted up at all the cross ways, and it was stated in these notices, "Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock there will be an auction at Mr. So and so's house," mentioning the kind of goods which were to be sold. Also Singapore roadstead was full of ships and cutters, sloops, frigates and barques, and two masted schooners and native craft, and junks from China and Annam and Siam, and Malay vessels from Borneo, etc.

But though the town was so crowded, no one at that time had yet built a brick house, and all the houses were merely of *atap*. However there was one brick house which was used as the "Police Lama," and had been built by an English merchant named Mr. Methuen; he was the first man to build a brick house in the town of Singapore, and after a little while he returned to England. That became the house known as "Police," that is the Court House, but previously Mr. Bernard had built the Court house, which was merely an *atap* building, situated in the Tēmēnggong's compound; that was the very first "Police" in the town of Singapore.

At that time every one lived in fear all the time; at one moment there would be a fire, at another moment robbery in broad daylight, or someone stabbed; and when one got up in the morning there would be somebody stabbed or murdered. Moreover at that time the Tēmēnggong's men and the Sultan's men, and traders of every nationality all went armed; there were some who robbed people in broad daylight, others broke in and robbed people's goods, because they were afraid of nothing, for the town was not yet in a settled state, and there were not yet many Europeans, and the Sepoys had not yet come, and there were only four or five policemen. The people who began the fighting every day were the Tēmēnggong's men, for they acted towards the Malacca people like tigers with sheep, for the Malacca people were never armed, and did not know how to fight with a *kris*, and they had never seen any blood shed. But if there was any disturbance between the Tēmēnggong's men and Malacca people, either Chinese or Malays or Tamils, Mr. Farquhar was always on the side of the Malacca people, because he knew that they were naturally timid in using weapons; but in fighting with their fists the people of other countries were

no match for them. Now these two parties were always at enmity, and a great many times for one reason or another there were great fights, when they acted just like people at war, because there was ill-feeling between them, and if it had not been that they were all afraid of Mr. Farquhar, they would certainly have been killing one another every day.

When the town of Singapore was only about four months old, I came there from Malacca with the Rev. Mr. Thomsen. I found that at that time there were as yet no houses on the other side of the river, all of which was full of mangrove and *api-api* swamps and mud flats, and people were living only on this side. It was just at that time that Sultan Husain Shah was going to begin building his palace at Kampong Gëlam, but it was still all jungle, and there was no road along the shore; if people wanted to walk to Kampong Gëlam, they could only walk along the beach, because they would be afraid to walk through the jungle, and they were even afraid to go along the beach.

All the Sultan's wives and children, and his servants and retainers and relatives came all together, removing to Singapore in hundreds of boats. Some of them stayed with the Sultan, and others with the Tëmënggong, and others went into the interior, everyone as he pleased.

At that time people were being murdered incessantly every day along the way to Kampong Gëlam. There were some policemen on guard here and there, but many of the police were murdered every day. Mr. Farquhar then hired laborers in large numbers to cut down the brush-wood along the paths and to clear the jungle nearby; some were making roads, and others repairing the Government buildings, and everyone had his work. The men who did this work were all Malacca Malays, and the place where they all congregated to live was near the Tëmënggong's compound, by the side of the *nibong* fence; there they built a prayer house as a place of worship, around which were the huts in which the Malacca men lived, and their head man was Ênchek Yahya, who was called Ênchek Siang.

When Singapore had been in existence eight months, there came fishing boats for the first time from Malacca to do line-fishing

at Singapore, and they caught an immense number of the fish called *parang-parang*, for those fish were then very tame, for as long as Singapore had existed they had never been caught with a hook, and people fished for them within twenty or thirty fathoms of the shore. When the Singapore men saw that the Malacca men were getting a lot of money by fishing, they followed their example and fished in the same way; but before that they did not know any other way of catching fish put by spearing them. After Singapore was a year old, there came a Malacca man named Haji Mata-mata, and made fishing-stakes known as *kelong* and *blat*, and others came and made those which are called *jermal*. When the fishing stakes were first made, a great many fish were caught off Tělok Ayer, *těnggiri* fish innumerable, so that they could not all be eaten, and the fish were thrown away, and only the roes were taken, and were put in barrels with salt, and sold to the ships. At that time the people of Singapore were amazed to see the number of fish that were caught. The place where the fishing-stakes were made is at the end of Tělok Ayer near Tanjong Malang. This became well known, and one day Mr. Farquhar with his children both boys and girls went all together to see the men catching fish. When they reached the end of the fishing-stake the men were ladling out fish, and the fish in the stake were in three layers, those under-neath were dead, in the next layer some of them were nearly dead, and if still alive were unable to swim, then the upper layer of fish were all alive, and their heads could be seen in rows. When Mr. Farquhar saw that, he himself wanted to catch the fish with his hands, and he did so; his daughter also wished to catch the fish, and when she caught one by the tail the fish shook her hand, and it immediately swelled up; and so they went home.

Before the Malacca men came to Singapore, the sea-gypsies did not use oars in their boats, but only paddled, and used the paddle in the notch, and had only canoes, for they had never seen anyone use oars, and they had very seldom met with strangers. Moreover at that time boats which used oars did not dare to sail through those seas, for the Straits of Singapore were well known as a nest of pirates; so when the Malacca men came there, they began for the first time to use oars, following the Malacca style.

Their large boats did have a kind of oar called the Malay oar or *dayong kibas*, but they could not put any strength into them like the Malacca oar. Moreover they did not wear coats, neither the men nor the women, but only wore a skirt of an unrecognizable color, which was on their bodies wet and dry, and the vile smell of it was incredible. And they never lived on shore or built houses, but were on their boats all their lives, and there they had children and grand-children, and married and died, all in their boats; for this reason they could easily be recognized, both men and women, as they walked on shore with a stoop, because they were accustomed only to sit in their boats. As to their religion, they were only Malays in name, and did not practice the rules of the Mohammedan religion. But now, since Singapore became a town, they are using European prints as bathing cloths, and they made trousers of broad-cloth, and wear glossy Bugis cloth and flowered handkerchiefs sticking up on their heads, and some carry silk umbrellas and wear shoes, and can speak English and Bengali and Tamil like lightning; and if Englishmen wish to speak Malay to them, they will answer in English.

All the things which I have mentioned cause me to be astonished, as I see plainly the changes of this world, things coming into existence from nothing, and things which exist are being brought to naught; a jungle becomes a town, and a town becomes a jungle; all of which shows that this world with all its pleasures is not permanent for anyone, but is only like something borrowed, and so when he who owns it comes and demands it, it must be given back to him.

I will now return to my story about the town of Singapore; in regard to Sultan Husain Shah, from the time when Mr. Raffles sailed, Mr. Farquhar gave him his allowance every month as Mr. Raffles had decided, and similarly the Tēmenggong also received his share; but the Sultan said that what he got was not sufficient, because he had to support so many people who were dependent upon him. He made a complaint about this to Mr. Farquhar because he was short of money, and Mr. Farquhar told the Sultan he could take the revenue from the opium farm in order to increase his income, and so he obtained \$800 per month, that is sixteen hundred rupees;

and for several months it remained so, until Mr. Raffles returned from Bengal.

At this time the number of traders and of European merchants continually increased, and the news about the town of Singapore became well known everywhere, to the effect that it had really become a town, and many people from other countries removed to Singapore, and some established agencies in the town, and sent goods to them from foreign countries: and for the reason which I have mentioned the town of Singapore became populous full of people of various nations, and of all sorts of employments and trades, all of them assembling at Singapore. Under these circumstances poor men became rich, whereas others who brought tens of thousands of dollars capital from their own countries lost it all and became poor, everyone according to his fate: for the fate of the cocoanut husk is to float, and the fate of a stone is to sink.

When Sultan Husain Shah came to Mr. Raffles to complain that his allowance was insufficient, Mr. Raffles was sitting with Mr. Farquhar, and the Tēmenggong was also there with his chiefs and fighting men, and all the Sultan's attendants were also present. When Mr. Raffles heard his complaint, he considered for a moment, and then answered, "Sultan and Tēmenggong, I have a plan which may be advantageous to the Sultan, and will make the name of both the Sultan and Tēmenggong well known everywhere: I have a very rich friend in Bengal, a leading English merchant named Mr. Palmer, and I will write and ask him to send the Sultan as many hundred thousand dollars worth of goods as he wishes, and the Sultan can get the commission on these goods, and can build a warehouse wherever he likes, as the English merchants here do. All nationalities here such as the Bugis and Malays, and the people of Borneo, and so forth, would rather trade with the Sultan than with the Europeans or Tamils or Chinese: and I will bear the cost of the building, and will have a plan of it made." When the Sultan and Tēmenggong heard what Mr. Raffles said, they laughed and said, "That is not the custom of princes, to engage in trade would be a disgrace to all other princes." When Mr. Raffles heard that, his color changed, and his face was crimson: but he smiled and said, "Sultan I am amazed to hear such a foolish custom:

how wicked it is that trading should be a disgrace, but that piracy is no disgrace." The Sultan replied, "Piracy is inherited, and therefore it is no disgrace; but the pirates are not men who were originally Malays." Then Mr. Raffles said, "Very well if you are unwilling, never mind; now both you and the Tēmenggong must think carefully how much will be sufficient for your allowance every month, so that there may not always be this trouble of its being insufficient." They made no reply, until Mr. Raffles asked them a second time, and then Ēnchek Abu Puteh answered, "Sir, I think \$3,000 will be enough." Mr. Raffles said, "Even \$10,000 would not be enough if it were spent extravagantly; please let the Sultan and Tēmenggong go and consider carefully for a day or two how much a month will be enough." The Sultan and Tēmenggong answered, "Very well, sir." Now at the time when Mr. Raffles returned from Bengal, he gave the Sultan as a present a carriage with large horses, the value of which in Bengal was twelve hundred Rupees. After three days the Sultan and Tēmenggong, accompanied by all their officials, came to Mr. Johnston's house, and Mr. Raffles and Mr. Farquhar were also there, with Mr. Flint, the brother-in-law of Mr. Raffles; and at that time Mr. Raffles and the gentlemen whom I have mentioned fixed the Sultan's allowance at one thousand large dollars a month, and the Tēmenggong's at seven hundred dollars; and this pay or allowance which I have mentioned continued until the time when Mr. Crawford came to govern the town of Singapore.

When Mr. Raffles and Mr. Farquhar, were consulting in regard to the extension of the town of Singapore, Mr. Farquhar thought that Kampong Gēlam ought to be made the business section, that is the place where people trade, and the market, etc.; but Mr. Raffles thought that this side of the river should be made the business section. Mr. Farquhar replied, "It would be very difficult on this side, because it is all mud, and the water is not good, besides which it would cost a great deal to make the land good; and then where could you get sufficient earth to fill it in?" Mr. Raffles replied, "If Kampong Gēlam becomes the place where people do business, this side of the river will be wasted for a hundred years, and will not be improved." At that time both of them were full of ideas,

one said this and the other that, each of them making plans. For three days they sat consulting about it, and then it came into Mr. Raffles mind that he might cut away the hill near Singapore point, and the earth could be used for filling in on this side of the river. The following day they again consulted together, and both of them were agreed, and all God's creatures will be amazed to see such a piece of work. The next day there came a man whom those two gentlemen had sent to engage Chinese, Malay and Tamil laborers, about two or three hundred men at a rupee a day, and they were told to dig away the earth and carry it off; and there were some men breaking the rocks, for there were a great many large rocks there, and everyone had his work to do; there were dozens of overseers, and it all looked like people at war. Labor became dearer every day, and in the evening the money was brought in sacks to pay the men. Twice every day Mr. Raffles went there to supervise the men's work, and there were a number of men superintending the workmen, besides which Mr. Farquhar did not fail to go every morning on horseback to measure out the land at distant places, some of which was sold by auction and some given away gratis, anything in order that it might quickly be cleared, for the whole place was still nothing but jungle.

One day Mr. Farquhar said to me, "You had better take a piece of land at Kampong Gëlam, for some day there will be a business section there. So I took a piece of land, and built an *atap* house with plank walls; but at that time I lived there in fear, because there was jungle all around.

After they had been cutting away the hill for about three or four months it was quite level, and all the puddles and streams and ditches and valleys were filled in, and there only remained great rocks as high as elephants, and some even bigger than that. Now those rocks were very useful, and dozens of Chinese came and broke them up to build houses, and there was no need to pay them wages any longer, for everyone rushed to ask for the stone, and it was given to them.

It was then that there was found at the end of the promontory a stone lying in the brushwood, quite smooth, about six feet wide, and square, and all covered with writing engraved on it; but though

the writing was there, it could not be read, for it was worn away by the water, how many thousand years it had been there God alone knows. When it was discovered people of all nationalities came in crowds to see the stone. The Hindoos said it was Hindoo writing, but they could not read it; and the Chinese said it was Chinese writing. I also went there with the rest of them, and also Mr. Raffles, and the Rev. Mr. Thomsen, and we all saw the stone. I saw that the shape of the letters was something like Arabic letters, but they could not be read, because owing to the great length of time the letters were pitted and lumpy. Many clever persons came to read it, some of whom brought a soft powder and pressed it on the stone, afterwards lifting it up, others brought some black ink and painted it on the stone, so that it might show up, each doing the best he knew how to decide what language and what letters they were, but they could not make it out. The stone which I have mentioned had remained there until that time with its uneven writing. Afterwards Mr. Raffles decided that it must be Hindoo writing, because that race had come to this part of the world before any other race, and was the first to reach the islands of Java and Bali, and even Siam, and all of these originally descended from the Hindoo race. But no one in the town of Singapore knew what the words were that were engraved on that stone, God only knows. The stone remained there until the time when Mr. Bonham became governor of the three settlements, Singapore, Penang and Malacca, and at that time Mr. Coleman was the engineer officer at Singapore, and he had the stone broken up. What a pity! It seems to me that was a very improper thing to do. Perhaps it was because of his ignorance and stupidity that he broke up the stone; because he did not know about it he broke it up, without thinking that there might be someone else more able than himself who could extract from it the mystery. For I hear that in England there are clever men who by their ingenuity can easily find out about such things, both concerning languages and races; and as the Malays say, "If you cannot improve it, do not destroy it."

Now when all the valleys and swamps and hollows and mud and streams had all been filled in, the land was then divided into lots and auctioned. If anyone wants to know where the hill was

which Mr. Raffles demolished to fill in the swamps and valleys and pools on this side of the river, the place is still there at the end of Singapore point at Tambangan Street; the place has been made a garden, and planted with all kinds of trees and flowers. I used to hear it said that it was intended to erect a building there in which should be placed a statue of Mr. Raffles, as a memorial to all men that it was he who did that great work, but I do not know why it was that that has not been done, and at the present time it is only a garden; and the place is opposite to the building of Messrs. Spottiswoode and Conolly.

When those places were being sold by auction, Mr. Raffles said to me, "You had better take some land here, about four or five lots, because by and by this place will be thickly settled." I replied, "Sir, where can I get enough money to pay the value of the land, for I see that the lots are being auctioned for \$1,200 and \$1,150; and then where would be the money for building brick houses?" Mr. Raffles smiled when he heard me say that, and replied, "Do not worry about the money; that can be settled afterwards, as long as you take the place first." Now because I was so ignorant and thoughtless, I imagined that it would be a debt which would make it difficult for me to return to Malacca. Moreover at that time it was very easy to get money in Singapore. At that time it was my custom to return to Malacca every six months, and it seemed to me that if I took this land and built a house, I should not be able to return to Malacca; another thing was that I did not in the least imagine that the town of Singapore would become so populous; and then I did not know that the land auctions were a farce, and were only auctions in name, for they did not take the money. In this I find that Mr. Raffles was very shrewd, for if he had just divided up the land for nothing, poor people would have rushed to take the land, and when would they have been able to erect brick houses? This was why he sold the lots by auction for a high price, in order that only rich people would buy it, and they could quickly put up houses. So it was that because I was thoughtless and ignorant at that time I did not do what Mr. Raffles told me and take the land, and so now I am sorry for it; but what is the good of that? As the Malays say, "To be sorry beforehand is some gain, but to be sorry afterwards is no use whatever."

After that Mr. Raffles removed to the top of the Forbidden Hill (*Bukit Larangan*), because there were a great many Europeans, and many Europeans came to build houses. He gave orders to clear the jungle all around the hill, and many fruit trees were found there, such as *durian* trees from five to ten feet in circumference, which owing to their great age no longer bore large fruits, the fruit being only as large as a *durian* when the fruit is just set; there were also *duku* trees and lime trees, and pomeloes with fruit only as large as limes; and there were many other kinds of fruit trees, *lungsat*, etc., and also bad smelling fruit such as *pétai* and *jéring*.

Mr. Raffles' life at Singapore was just like what I have described while he lived at Malacca, he employed four men at \$10 a month to go and look for all kinds of peculiar things; and in Singapore he was able to get many more of such things than he obtained in Malacca.

One morning Mr. Farquhar was walking in the direction of Rochor River taking his dog with him, and when the dog went down to the river for water, suddenly it was seized by a crocodile. Immediately Mr. Farquhar was told that his dog had been eaten by a crocodile, and he called some men who were there and told them to make a dam across the river; when this had been done, the crocodile was enclosed, and was stabbed to death; it was three fathoms in length (18'). Then for the first time people knew that there were crocodiles at Singapore. Mr. Farquhar had the carcass of the crocodile taken and hung on the *jawi-jawi* tree which is on the bank of Bēras Basah River.

